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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We do not think that the riotous proceedings in Hyde Park on Sunday were of a nature to justify the apprehensions expressed by the *Times* next morning, that they would "make the country look ridiculous" abroad, and "encourage the belief that the strength and the intelligence of England are paralysed by fierce and anarchical divisions." The "peace" demonstration was injudicious; the interference with it was rowdy; but there the matter ends. Considering that the neutral spectators were about seventy times as numerous as the participators in the fray, and may be supposed to represent "the strength and the intelligence of England," while the militant men of peace and the free-fighters represented "the fierce and anarchical divisions," we should say that the meeting in Hyde Park was on the whole very fairly representative of the feeling of the country, and represents it in no unworthy light. The fact that a certain number of people are so bent upon war that they will not let a meeting be held in favour of peace is not so very alarming. We hope they will show equal alacrity in enrolling themselves for more serious work if war should prove necessary for the protection of British interests, and their services will be none the less welcome, though the event would be more deplorable, if we should drift into war through ministerial indecision or be pushed into it by underhand intrigue.

Mr. Auberon Herbert had no reason, it seems to us, to complain of the conduct of the rowdy men of war as an interference with the right of public meeting. That is a very ancient and wholesome right, and we should be sorry to see it in any way impaired; but we think Mr. Herbert takes too narrow a view of the nature and objects of a public meeting. A quiet and respectful audience of the speaker has ceased to be an essential element of such gatherings. We do not live in the days of the Witenagemote. A citizen has other channels for communicating his opinions to his fellow-citizens, not so satisfactory to himself perhaps as communication by means of the "living voice," but adequate enough for practical purposes. A man can write a letter to the *Times*, for example. A meeting called in a public place, in support of particular views, is practically a show of strength. A quiet and orderly counting of heads is no doubt a much more respectable way of testing the relative strength of opinions than a reciprocal breaking of heads. But then decorous public meetings have never been in the way of us English. We doubt whether the Witenagemote itself was always as well behaved as a church congregation. Attempts to drown the voice of wisdom by mere brute noise, and even attempts to carry off a wise speaker bodily, are as much a part of our customs as the public meeting itself. We do not see why Mr. Herbert should not hold another public meeting, if he is so disposed, but it is not necessary in order to vindicate the right of assembling, unless he includes also the right of being listened to. He really succeeded in eliciting a valuable expression of opinion on Sunday, the opinion, namely, of the vast majority who remained neutral between his followers and their rowdy disturbers.

It is astonishing how fertile our bellicose friends are in devising reasons why we should declare war on Russia. The last of these is the discovery of a "secret treaty" between Russia and Turkey binding the latter to join the former in an attack on India. The enterprising correspondent at Stamboul who has "discovered" this document does not seem to see that no sane person will believe Russian diplomatists capable of the folly of so devising a "secret"-treaty that a summary of it is printed, a few hours after its signature, in a London daily paper. But the proof of the existence of this secret treaty is more than odd. We are told that, now it has been referred to, Russia will repudiate it, and that, because Russia repudiates it, it must have existed. Thus with the progress of civilisation do we reduce the practice of special correspondence to the easy exactitude of a fixed science. Is it required to discover a "secret treaty" so that we may justify a declaration of war? Then nothing is easier. All you have to do is to say you have seen one. Formerly the objection to this course was that the assertion might be met with an official contradiction. That is no longer an objection, because, according to the modern political logic, the more authoritatively a *canard* is denied the more fully is the special correspondent justified in proclaiming it to be a veritable fact. In old times Englishmen were sometimes asked to go to war for an idea. Now they are asked to fight on the strength of a bit of contradicted gossip.

Lord Dorchester, while in the Coldstream Guards, did good service in the Crimea and before Sebastopol. He is consequently, in his own judgment and that of his friends, an authority upon the Eastern Question, and has, in this capacity, taken it upon himself to follow the example set in the Lower House by Captain Bedford Pim, and to pester the Government with elaborate questions. On Thursday evening last he rose to ask whether Lord Derby could tell him the exact whereabouts of the Turkish fleet. He did more than this, however, for he prefaced his question with a long complaint to the effect that about a fortnight ago he had asked for some information as to the advance of the Russian troops, which had been refused him, and that

three days later he had found what he wanted in a Parliamentary paper. This he thinks very wrong on Lord Derby's part. The Foreign Secretary, however, has a perfectly good answer to the indictment. His own version of the matter was that Lord Dorchester had asked him whether, supposing certain alleged movements had been made by the Russian troops, the armistice would have been violated, and that he had—with characteristic discretion—declined, with the facts not actually before him, to give an opinion on a difficult point of international law. With regard to the Turkish fleet, his lordship went on to say, he must certainly decline to state its position. He knew where it was, but it was a clear duty to the Porte, while hostilities are still pending, not to make the knowledge public to all Europe. The rebuff made Lord Dorchester very angry, and he rose to state, by way of rejoinder, that he never put a question except from a sense of public duty, and that "his shot had been directed not against Her Majesty's Government, but against an Empire whose ambition, arrogance, and overwhelming autocracy he was anxious to check." We have every respect for Lord Dorchester as an English gentleman and a gallant officer, but he is hardly likely to check the ambition and arrogance of Russia by putting vexatious and mischievous questions to Lord Derby.

Some day or other we shall have to reconsider the whole subject of Commercial Treaties. The deputation of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, which waited on Lord Derby on Wednesday, was unable to elicit from him any very definite statements of his views; but the deputies expressed a generally felt dissatisfaction with the operation of our treaties, and the Foreign Secretary admitted that there was something wrong. The fact is, that we are injuring ourselves in several ways. We go through the form of bargaining with other countries about tariff arrangements. We try to induce them to give us the benefit of "the most favoured nation clause;" but, as was pointed out to Lord Derby, that does not save our goods from being subjected to specially onerous duties, and the new treaty of commerce between France and Italy is a case in point. Of course, we bargain at a disadvantage because, as free traders, we are bound by our principles to lower our fiscal duties irrespectively of the conduct of other countries. Though we fail to get the advantages of bargaining, we experience some inconvenience in consequence of an apparent desire to haggle and chaffer for commercial treaties. How can we hope to persuade foreign countries that we really believe in the advantages of free trade in itself, if we are always so solicitous to get something like reciprocity? The fact that our zeal for the multiplication of commercial treaties is a real obstacle to the spread of free trade, and that the treaties which we do negotiate do not satisfy Lancashire manufacturers, goes far to make one doubt whether much good is done by adding occasionally a new volume to Mr. Hertslet's 'Commercial Treaties.' Mr. Gladstone stated many years ago that his experience at the Board of Trade made him doubt the propriety of an over eagerness to procure commercial treaties. The remark is not obsolete.

The division on Mr. Trevelyan's motion in favour of extending Household Suffrage to Counties indicates a slight decrease in the majority against his proposal. It cannot be said that the debate in any way tended to quicken the rapid ripening of opinion on the subject. From both sides of the House we had the stock arguments for and against the project, and it was curious to notice how flat Mr. Lowe's stale invective against the "lower orders" fell upon his audience. Ten years ago his speech would have been cheered to the echo. The other day those who did not engage each other in conversation whilst he was speaking openly yawned in the right honourable gentleman's face. As Sir Charles Dilke said, opposition to reform of all sorts is Mr. Lowe's political dandy-horse. He has, however, trotted it out so often on the floor of the House that people have ceased to quake when they see the monster. "They have got used to it, as coach-horses have to bicycles." The objection to Mr. Lowe's argument is that it is a condemnation of all representative government whatever—not a demonstration of the special unfitness of the agricultural labourer to use the franchise. According to his reasoning, no man ought to have a vote except a member of a University like London, and then only on condition that, when he used it, he would vote for a gentleman of Mr. Lowe's peculiar way of thinking. Mr. Goschen made by far the best speech against the motion. He really did leave a passing impression on the House that he was in earnest when he professed himself afraid of the influence of a million new householders on the electorate. His line of opposition recalled the famous "poverty and passion" argument of ten years ago. Mr. Goschen objects to enfranchise Hodge because he does not know political economy well. But is he any more ignorant of that science than one-half the honest squires who believe Mr. Gathorne Hardy to be a great orator, and fondly cherish the delusion that Mr. Chaplin and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff are statesmen in embryo?

Charity is apt to degrade him who gives and him who takes; and an instance is furnished by the tumultuous proceedings which took place the other day at the meeting of the Clergy Orphan Corporation. Some sensible people thought proper to propose the abolition of the canvassing nuisance. As the present system, unfortunately still in use in connexion with many large charities, works, it is the unfortunate widow with plenty of brass and wealthy friends, and with the means of getting her woes widely advertised by circular letters and cards, that is likely to have her children provided for. The poorer candidates have no chance. They are pushed aside by those who have the ear of some subscribers, and who can expend unlimited sums in postage before election day. Cases are not decided according to their merits; the most specious tale carries the day. Some charities, such as the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, have abolished canvassing. But that is the exception; and, judging from the utter failure of the attempt to reform matters at the Clergy Orphan Corporation, it is likely long to be so. One wonderful reason given for the maintenance of the practice was that canvassing was a salutary distraction to the widow from her grief; therefore, say the friends of canvassing, let jobbing and intrigue and advertising flourish. The courageous minority who desire to mend matters were hooted down; and so for many a day we shall continue to see orphans or idiots on whom forty to fifty pounds in postage—and these figures are not imaginary—have been spent, preferred to the exclusion of far more deserving candidates.

It is a scandal that under our law it should be even possible to bring actions against the *Daily News*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Standard* under the circumstances stated on Wednesday in the Court of Appeal in the cases of Usill *v.* Hales, &c. An *ex parte* application in one of the London police-courts was made with the view of taking criminal proceedings against Mr. Usill. The magistrate declined to entertain the application, on the ground that he had no jurisdiction, and that the matter was one for a civil tribunal. The newspapers reported the application in ordinary course, and it was not alleged that they had committed any inaccuracy. And yet he brings an action against them on the ground that they have no business to report *ex parte* proceedings in a court of justice. It is true that the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Justice Lopes have expressed opinions against him, and that the Court of Appeal has ordered him to pay 50*l.* into Court as security for costs; but how comes it that such an action should be regarded as possible? How comes it that the law is not so clear that the action is not dismissed as a frivolous absurdity? To prevent the Press

reporting *ex parte* statements would be to destroy its freedom and utility; and yet we do not doubt that counsel will be able to produce plenty of sapient lore, from the judgments of arbitrary Judges of the time of George III., to the effect that such proceedings are entirely unprivileged. But for the fact that our Judges have generally the good sense to pay no heed to any dicta on the subject of libel more than twenty years old, most editors, publishers, and contributors to journalism would be in prison.

The stage has at last found a Bishop to support it. He is only a Colonial Bishop, it is true, but Melbourne is an important colony, and *primâ facie* the opinion of a Colonial Bishop is at least as good as that of an English Dean. Certain of the clergy in his diocese having taken it upon themselves to denounce the stage with an energy and a choice of diction worthy of Mrs. Hannah More herself, the Bishop has, instead of delivering himself of an allocution on the subject, taken the simpler course of writing to the Melbourne papers a long letter, clearly setting out his views. "It is," he says, "sometimes asked whether St. Paul would have shown himself at a theatre. No, certainly not at heathen theatres, where the performances were usually connected with heathen worship. But if the question be whether he would have attended a well-conducted theatre in a Christian land, to witness a high-toned performance, then it might as well be asked whether St. Paul would have attended a cricket match, a chess tournament, or a spelling bee. In his circumstances it is very unlikely that he would; but it is equally certain that he would have called none of them unlawful. Amusement is necessary for young people, and it would be equally unreasonable to forbid our boys to play at cricket, and to require grave divines either to join their sport or condemn it." His ultimate conclusion is that what is wanted is "to make the drama what it should be—the handmaid of religion and morality." We are afraid his lordship will find this task—if he seriously attempts it—not altogether an easy one. At the same time it is gratifying to find that he does not, like Balbus, "despair of the Republic." It is also, on the whole, a desirable thing that Bishops should utilise their leisure by writing to the papers. What, for instance, could possibly be more improving—could we only get it—than an Archiepiscopal letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of music-halls and the "music-hall cad."

We are glad to see that the proof trials of Colonel Moncrieff's new siege-carriage have passed off most successfully. Colonel Moncrieff has had more than an inventor's usual difficulties in getting his ingenious contrivance put to the test, for, after its utility had been fully proved and recognised for the mounting of artillery in fortifications, he encountered as many obstacles to getting a new application of the principle subjected to experiment as if he had been an entirely *novus homo*. Colonel Moncrieff's previous success, and the immense advantages of his proposed siege-carriage if it should prove to be practicable, should have saved him from these red-tape difficulties. Inventive genius such as his is not so common that it ought to be discouraged. Not only is there an immense saving in transport from the fact that the new carriage, which has stood its trials successfully, requires none of the cumbrous platforms which at present form part of an ordinary siege train, but the gun mounted upon it can be worked more safely and more effectively. It is not too much to say that, in point of economy and efficiency, the new carriage has an advantage of three to one over the existing appliances for the working of siege artillery; and it would have been much to be regretted, to use no stronger language, if Colonel Moncrieff had been driven by official discouragement to take his invention elsewhere.

A correspondence has passed between ourselves and Mr. Bradlaugh on the subject of our recent article upon himself. Mr. Bradlaugh complained that the article in question contained several "absolutely false statements." We answered that we were ready to at once correct any false statement which might be pointed out to us, but that we declined to withdraw expressions of opinion. Instead of telling us what are the statements he considers false, Mr. Bradlaugh replies that "the editor of the *Examiner* must not feel surprised if, in default of the 'immediate correction' promised, Mr. Bradlaugh takes his own course with the Press of the country—to which the *Examiner* article has been industriously communicated—and with the Bar of England. Mr. Bradlaugh would in such case give them fair opportunity of judging in a matter of mere personal character, at any rate as to which of the twain deserved the harshest judgment. Mr. Bradlaugh had no personal quarrel, that he was aware of, with the Editor of the *Examiner*; but most certainly, unless some withdrawal is made, Mr. Bradlaugh will submit a reprint of the *Examiner* article, together with a sketch of Editor responsible for it, to the consideration of the gentlemen of the various Inns of Court, as well as to the journalists of England." The Editor in question has certainly no "personal quarrel" with Mr. Bradlaugh; he has never had the privilege of his acquaintance; he is still willing to withdraw any false statement that may be pointed out to him; but the only answer he can make to Mr. Bradlaugh's threat is to lay it, in its own words, before the readers of the *Examiner*.

GENERALS *IN PARTIBUS*.

In China it was the fashion in the good old times to make war by pictorial representations. The ever victorious armies of the Flowery Land were preceded by standard-bearers displaying sheets of canvas covered with likenesses of dragons, griffins, and demons, and these limned monstrosities struck such terror into the heart of the enemy that he forthwith took to his heels. No tactics could well be more ingenious and successful, provided always that the foe believed in the reality of the painted bogies by whose display he was to be terrified into submission. Failing this condition, the experiment is condemned to failure; and when the Chinese learnt that the Western barbarians were not put to flight by the display of illuminated dragons, they forthwith, being a practical people, resorted to other weapons of defence. Her Majesty's Ministers evince an equal faith with the Celestials in the deterrent power of demonstrations, but are not equally ready to surrender their belief to the evidence of facts. An unshakable conviction still appears to prevail in Downing Street that we have only got to put on a bold front, to talk big, and to make believe we are going to do something which we do not intend to do, and which everybody knows we do not intend doing, in order to compel our enemies to withdraw in alarm. Our whole policy from the commencement of the Russo-Turkish War has consisted in making demonstrations which have not been followed up by action. The same far-sighted statesmanship which gave the Queen the title of Empress of India in order to hinder the Russians from advancing in Central Asia has been followed up by one display of force after another which would have been eminently successful if our antagonists had believed in their reality. The last achievement of the Ministry in their system of warfare by paper has consisted in the formal selection of two distinguished officers to command an imaginary force on an hypothetical expedition. We have not settled whether we mean to go to war or not, but we let the world know that, if we should go to war, the British forces will be commanded by the heroes of Magdala and Coomassie. We have nothing to say against the officers selected. They are probably the best men who could be found to command our troops. But the reputation of Lord Napier and Sir Garnet Wolseley is not of that Napoleonic character that the mere possibility of their acting as our generals can

palsy the courage of our foes; and even if we had a Wellington or a Marlborough at our service, their conditional appointment to a contingent command could hardly terrify the most pusillanimous of adversaries.

We may seem to treat this last act of the Government lightly. Our excuse must be that, if we were to treat it gravely, it would be difficult to moderate our language. In itself the act is a most serious one. Under any other Ministry, and at any other period in our history, it would mean war. Yet the credit of England has been so shaken by the vacillating policy of the Government that no panic has been created, either at home or abroad, by the announcement that a step has been taken which, under ordinary circumstances, would be the immediate forerunner of a declaration of war. If we wish to make the Russians believe that rightly or wrongly we are about to oppose their progress by a resort to arms, we must do something far more definite than announce one day that we have appointed a Commander-in-Chief for an expeditionary force, and explain away the announcement next day by declaring that no expedition has yet been decided upon. Nothing could well be less dignified than the statement which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to make on Thursday night. Common sense would seem to show that you must settle first whether you mean to make war, and where, and with whom you mean to make it before you choose your generals, but the Government has reversed the process. Just as the Irishman when told that, in learning to play the fiddle, the first lesson was the difficult one, preferred to begin by the second, so the Ministry have jumped over the initial difficulty of deciding whether we ought to fight or not by fixing their attention on the secondary question who shall command our forces in the event of our finally electing to fight. They have not only thus put the cart before the horse, but they have got the cart ready before they know whether there is to be any horse to drag it. If the sole result of this bellicose demonstration is to render us ludicrous in the eyes of Europe, we should care less about the matter. We have made ourselves so absurd already, that a little more or a little less of absurdity makes very little practical difference. As it is, however, this step is regarded, and justly regarded, in Russia as an act of hostility. To call the attention of the whole world to the fact that England has determined who is to lead her armies in the event of war, can be considered in no other light than that of distinct menace to Russia. There might be some excuse for this, if there were any probability that the Russians would believe the menace to be serious, and act accordingly. As it is, they will infallibly regard the menace as an empty threat, and yet resent it all the more by reason of its very emptiness.

The system of barking without biting—of which the nomination of Lord Napier and Sir Garnet Wolseley as generals *in partibus*, is only one illustration—is all the more unfortunate because the position of England, with respect to the Eastern Question, is daily becoming more complicated and more unsatisfactory. Since we last wrote, the Russians have actually advanced to the very outskirts of Constantinople. The treaty of peace is still unsigned, and its terms are kept secret. But enough is known to show that, even allowing for great exaggeration, these terms involve the practical subjugation of Turkey to Russia. The prospect of the conditions of peace being ultimately settled by a Congress has become more and more vague; indeed, it is even doubtful whether the Congress will ever meet at all. At the same time, the belief that Austria can be relied upon to offer any effective opposition to the designs of Russia, is well-nigh proved to be baseless. The probability now seems to be that, in the end, Austria will go shares with Russia in the partition of European Turkey, and that in any event she will remain faithful to the Triple Alliance. Now, in many respects, we do not regret this result. When once, as Lord Derby pointed out the other day with great truth, we made up our minds to remain neutral during the war, we debarred ourselves from the possibility of regulating the results of the war. For our own part we entertain no doubt as to the wisdom of our attitude of neutrality, and we are fully prepared to accept its necessary consequences. Nor, though we should have preferred other arrangements, can we deny that the world will be a gainer by changes through which the rule of Russia, or Austria, or of both combined, is substituted for that of Turkey in Europe. But while we allow this, and, indeed, because we allow this, we cannot be blind to the fact that the alterations consequent on the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire may incidentally involve very grave peril to British interests. These interests must be defended at all costs, and yet our power of so defending them is impaired, if not absolutely paralysed, by the persistence with which our Government clings to the delusion that, by a system of demonstrations, we can still hinder Russia from carrying out her designs. We do not wish to go to war with Russia in order to force her to relinquish her hold on Turkey. Even if we so wished, we could not go to war single-handed with any reasonable prospect of success, and it is now certain that, if we fight at all, we shall have to fight alone. This being the case, the one wise and honest course for England to take is to look after her own interests in the East, and to leave Turkey to her fate. The practical effect of the feeble demonstrations in which we have hitherto indulged is to tie our hands and impede our action; and yet there never has been a crisis in our annals when it was more important that England should be free, if need be, to act in her own defence.

NORTH SCHLESWIG.

It is a far cry from the Bosphorus to the Great Belt, and yet in many of the village towns situated in the narrow tongue of land which lies between the Baltic and the German Ocean, the vicissitudes of the peace negotiations now being carried on at the doors of Constantinople are being watched with that keen interest reserved by mankind for matters affecting their own personal welfare. The statement may appear paradoxical, but the chain of reasoning upon which it rests is intelligible enough. Supposing the peace negotiations between Russia and Turkey should eventuate in an international Congress, other subjects of European interest besides those concerning the belligerents themselves will probably be brought before the consideration of the Powers. In such a case the inhabitants of Northern Schleswig will be able to call the attention of Europe to the unfulfilled stipulations of the Treaty of Prague; and this appeal may, as they imagine, possibly lead to their reincorporation with Denmark. The sequence of the argument, as we have said, can be followed easily; but in order to estimate its practical bearing it is essential to recall to mind a page of history which, though separated from us by far less than a score of years, seems to belong to a bygone time. Throughout all the dreary controversy which preceded the Schleswig-Holstein War, one of the many questions at issue was whether Schleswig belonged to Germany or to Denmark by right of nationality and language. As a matter of fact, the Duchy of Schleswig consisted of two portions divided by the famous Dannewerk, the inhabitants to the south of this barrier being undoubtedly German, while the inhabitants to the north were of mixed race, the Scandinavian being the more numerous of the two. Indeed, a now well-nigh forgotten party in Denmark, who went by the name of the Eider-Danes, proposed to give up to Germany all the regions south of the Eider stream as being obviously and distinctly Teutonic, and thereby strengthen the claim of Denmark to rule over the Scandinavian portions of the Duchy. Had this policy been adopted, it is possible the war might have been avoided. As it was, the Danes took their stand upon a no-surrender ground, and the result was the war of 1864, in which Germany and Austria, acting in the name of the Diet, undertook to carry out a federal execution in the Duchies, in order to uphold the rights of the Duke of Augustenburg.

It is not necessary to recall the incidents of the one-

sided campaign which, after its interruption by the abortive Conference of London, terminated in the capture of Alsen, and the conquest of the whole of Schleswig by the Allies. It is enough to say that, at the close of the war, the Government of Copenhagen ceded the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig to Austria and Prussia, leaving the ultimate disposition of the ceded territories to be settled by the conquerors. A joint occupation was provisionally arranged, out of which arose the disputes that, two years later furnished the pretext, though not the cause, for the Seven Weeks' War. Up to the time, however, when the fate of Austria was decided by the battle of Sadowa, the destiny of the Duchies still remained an open question. At the treaty, the preliminaries of which were signed at Nikolsberg, and which was finally ratified at Prague, the Duchies were annexed to Prussia with the consent and sanction of Austria. This long-vexed question would then have been settled for once and for all but for the interference of France. French feeling had been alarmed, not, as subsequent events proved, without justice, by the unexpected success of the Prussian armies. The Imperial Government in France was held responsible for its inaction during the campaign, and the Emperor Napoleon considered that it was essential to his interests to take a direct part in the conclusion of the terms of peace. The full history of the negotiations between Paris and Berlin, which took place between the date of Sadowa and that of the treaty being signed at Prague, is still very imperfectly known. It is, however, certain that France adopted a very decided line at this period in favour of Austria, and that her intervention proved successful for the time in curtailing the pretensions of Prussia. That this was so was reported at the time, and the truth of the report was confirmed the other day by Prince Bismarck in his speech on the Eastern Question. With his wonted frankness, the Chancellor stated that he "never forgave the Emperor Napoleon his intermeddling after Sadowa. But for the Emperor Napoleon interfering, much more might have been effected there and then." What may have been the projects to the effectuation of which Napoleon barred the way in 1866 is still matter of conjecture. The one obvious practical result of his intervention was the introduction of a clause into the Treaty of Prague, by which Prussia pledged herself that the inhabitants of North Schleswig should have the opportunity of deciding by a plebiscite whether they wished to be attached permanently to Germany or to Denmark.

The clause in question was gratifying to the Danes, for whose cause much sympathy was felt in France, but unquestionably its chief recommendation in the eyes of its Imperial author lay in the tacit recognition it contained of the right of France to have a voice in any arrangements concluded between Prussia and Austria. On this very account the concession gave an amount of umbrage to Prussia out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance. In itself the stipulation was vague in the extreme. No date was assigned to the proposed plebiscite. No definition was laid down as to what constituted North Schleswig, and no period was stated within which the arrangement would have to be carried out. Up to the present, the clause has remained a dead letter. Every proposal, whether from the inhabitants of North Schleswig or from Copenhagen, to the effect that a plebiscite should be held, has been treated with studied contempt by the Government of Berlin. Still the pledge has never been formally withdrawn; and in theory, at any rate, Prussia still stands committed to the engagement that some time or other a certain unspecified district of Schleswig is to have the power of determining for itself whether it will or will not elect to return to its mother country. Undoubtedly, if the right of the North Schleswigers to decide upon their own destiny could be submitted to a Congress, the Emperor of Germany would find it difficult to dispute the authority of a contract under his own hand and seal. But the logic of facts is far stronger than the force of abstract argument, and the Schleswigers have little prospect of obtaining their treaty rights. In the greater number of the villages scattered over the northern districts of Schleswig, the majority of the inhabitants are Danes by birth and race, speaking the Danish language, and strongly attached to Denmark. But in the thriving seaport towns, the German element is paramount. And, to speak the truth, the German settlers have already made good their footing in lands lying far north of the Schleswig frontier. Jutland, and Fünen, and Zealand itself are fast undergoing that process of Germanisation by which the Teutonic element has become supreme in Schleswig. The Power which holds the Duchies must ultimately hold the northern end of the peninsula and the adjacent islands, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that incorporation within the German Empire is the manifest destiny of Denmark. Such, at any rate, is believed at Berlin to be the natural solution of the Dano-German difficulty; and while this belief is entertained, Prince Bismarck is not likely to be persuaded by any respect for treaty-law into carrying out an arrangement calculated, to say the least, to retard the process by which Denmark is gradually being absorbed into Germany.

THE KHEDIVE AND THE PORTE.

If ever the Congress should meet in earnest, the future relation of Egypt to Turkey must form one of its chief subjects of consideration. Even if the Suez Canal did not exist, and even if England had no exceptional interests in the isthmus, as constituting her highway to India, the question would be one of peculiar complexity. Theoretically, as well as practically, it is not easy to define the exact relations existing between the Porte and the dependencies of the Ottoman Empire. In a vague sort of way, it may be said that the supreme authority of the Sultan is recognised in every State with the exception of Turkey, in which the creed of Mahomet is dominant. In Morocco as in Zanzibar, in Afghanistan as in Acheen, the Sultan of Stamboul is acknowledged as the Commander of the Faithful, the chief of the House of Othman. But this recognition varies from the most absolute submission to the most shadowy admission of titular supremacy. Roughly speaking, the Turkish Empire may be said to consist—or rather to have consisted—of two classes of dominions, one governed more or less directly from Constantinople, the other composed of outlying provinces, which were independent but acknowledged the supremacy of the Porte either by the payment of tribute or otherwise. Egypt, however, has never quite fitted in with either of these definitions. Unlike Tunis, she has always remained an integral portion of the Ottoman dominions. The truth is that her great wealth and her peculiar position precluded her from drifting into independence as the neighbouring Pashaliks did. Thus, up to the time of Mehemet Ali, though the internal administration of Egypt was monopolised by the Mamelukes, yet the Pashaship was filled without dispute by the nominees of the Sultan. If Mehemet Ali had been left to his own devices, he would probably have succeeded in making Egypt an independent Pashalik of the same category as Tunis. But, owing mainly to the opposition of England, he had to content himself with a compromise by which the Porte bound itself to make the Pashaship hereditary in his family. The Khedive, however, still rules over Egypt in virtue of the Sultan's firman; and in the event of the family of Mehemet Ali dying out, or of there being any default in the payment of the tribute, the power of appointment to the Pashalik would, in theory at any rate, revert to the Sultan.

Moreover, though the successors of Mehemet Ali have obtained many privileges from the cupidity or indifference of the Porte, Egypt has never ceased to be a province of the Empire. By the firman of 1841, making the Pashaship hereditary, it was decreed that all taxes must be levied in the name of the Sultan; that the Egyptian troops are the troops of the Sultan; that all laws made by the Porte should have force in Egypt

except in so far as they required to be modified, to meet the exceptional conditions of the country; and that no important enterprise should be undertaken by the Viceroy without the previous sanction of the Porte. Subsequently, a variety of concessions have been made, and numerous innovations have been introduced which it is not easy to reconcile with any theory either of independence or of union. Still, the broad fact remains, that the Khedive has no power to conclude political treaties with foreign States; that all treaties concluded by the Porte are binding in Egypt; that the Egyptians are the subjects of the Sultan; and that Egyptian vessels sail under the Turkish flag. Constitutional difficulties do not much trouble men's minds in the East, but hard facts as well as abstract theories have tended of late to make the authority of Constantinople paramount at Cairo. If the Khedive were a popular and prosperous sovereign he might, in the present condition of Turkey, treat the authority of the Porte with contempt. But, unfortunately, Ismail Pasha is neither popular nor prosperous. Harassed by his pecuniary liabilities, detested by his subjects on account of his exactions and oppressions, he knows that the tenure of his throne, if not of his life, depends upon the favour of Stamboul. The alteration in the law of succession, by which the Khedivate devolves on his eldest son instead of on his eldest male relative, has never been acceptable to Mahometan ideas; and if the Sultan chose to issue a firman to-morrow deposing Ismail Pasha, and appointing his uncle Halim to reign in his stead, the Khedive's fate would be sealed. The knowledge of this fact is ever present to the Viceroy's mind, and its working may be traced in his recent actions. Those who have followed the course of affairs in Egypt within the last few months are aware that the Khedive is now making a desperate effort to repudiate his liabilities and thereby relieve himself from the restrictions which the Goschen scheme and the international tribunals have placed upon his sovereign authority. He virtually declines to pay his debts on the plea that the country cannot afford to bear its burden any longer; and then when an inquiry is proposed to investigate the true condition of the national finances, he refuses to tolerate any such inquiry except under limitations which must practically deprive it of any real power of investigation. It is natural enough that the Khedive should resist a genuine inquiry to the last. Any honest examination must show that the main source of the pecuniary embarrassments of Egypt consists in the system by which the land has been appropriated wholesale by the Khedive in person, and after this has once been made manifest, the Viceroy, in one form or another, must inevitably be called upon to disgorge his ill-gotten gains.

In this dilemma, Ismail Pasha has endeavoured to place himself under the protection of Constantinople. In answer to the demands of his creditors for a commission of inquiry, he has offered to abide by the decision of the only authority to which he is subject—that of the Porte. The Sultan, the Khedive admits, has of course the right to inquire into the condition of his own dominions; and if His Majesty likes to authorise an investigation into the condition of Egypt, he will gladly accept the result. It may be deemed at first sight that this proposal is a mere dilatory pretence to gain time, as the Porte has far other things to think of just at present than the finances of Egypt. Our own impression is, however, that the suggestion is put forward sincerely. Twelve months ago, the proposal never would have been made. At that time, as indeed for the last quarter of a century, the influence of England and France was still supreme with the Porte; and, if the Khedive's demand had been acquiesced in, the Commissioners appointed—if not directly nominated in London and Paris—would have been persons in whom the Governments of England and France had full confidence. The war has changed all that. Russian influence is now sovereign at Stamboul; and unless the Ottoman Empire in Europe is swept away altogether, it is obvious that for many years to come Turkey will be placed under a Russian Protectorate. The Khedive, we may be sure, has taken all this into account. After the fashion of all Orientals, he over-estimates the outward display of force; and while the inaction of France and England in respect of Turkey have led him to imagine that they will never intervene by arms in Egypt, he also sees the policy of turning towards the rising sun. If Russia is to be supreme at Constantinople she must, while the present relations exist between Turkey and Egypt, be supreme at Cairo also; and if by means of the Porte the Khedive can once secure the protectorate of Russia, he thinks—naturally enough, from his own point of view—that he can afford to defy the Western Powers. We are not accusing Russia of any complicity in the Khedive's intrigues, though the reputed proposal to apply the Egyptian tribute to the part payment of the interest on the compensation claimed by the Czar, has undoubtedly an unpleasant aspect at this moment. All we wish to point out is that the natural course of events must tend to the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between Egypt and the Power which is in the ascendant on the Bosphorus. Now, Russia has evidently no object in promoting the interests of the Egyptian bondholders, and—even assuming her to be the least aggressive of Powers—she has certainly no motive for desiring to consolidate our hold on the isthmus, or to facilitate our communication with India. The danger arising from a possible identity of interests between Egypt and Russia is one worth pointing out. How it should be avoided, either by the aid of the Congress or by more decisive action, is a difficult and far graver question.

THE INCOME-TAX.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Hubbard rose in his place in the House of Commons to call attention to the incidence of taxation. His real object was to show that the Income-tax, as at present levied, works unequally, and that both in its assessment and in its collection immediate reform is necessary. If we understand Mr. Hubbard rightly—and we are not sure that he altogether understands himself—he holds the Income-tax to be a permanent part of the revenue of the country. It ought, he thinks, to be retained, but he doubts whether it is levied on proper principles; and, unless we fail to catch his meaning, he is of opinion that the Inland Revenue Department and the Local Government Board ought to be invited to draw up a memorandum on the subject. Mr. Hubbard having thus opened the question, various speakers followed him. Dr. Kenealy had an amendment which found no seconder. Mr. Dodson had various views of his own, the one result of which was that he did not see his way to anything. Mr. Chadwick made a few remarks; and ultimately Sir Stafford Northcote replied that, as the Income-tax was a matter about which nobody seemed to know his own mind, he should leave it to Mr. Hubbard either to withdraw his motion or to insist upon it. Mr. Hubbard hereupon courteously withdrew his motion, and so for the present the matter has ended.

There is nothing more difficult than to properly adjust the incidence of taxation. We do not need Mr. Lowe to remind us that every tax is an evil, and that the true duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to recognise that a tax always involves a grievance, and to distribute its burden so impartially as to give the least possible cause of complaint. In whatever shape we may propose a tax, it must inevitably be a restriction upon trade. There is no doubt a distinction between direct and indirect taxation—between personal taxation, that is to say, of the individual citizen and taxation levied *pro ratâ* on the goods which he consumes. The objection to taxation upon goods—that is to say, to excise and customs—can be easily stated from the point of view of the political economist. All such imposts hamper trade, impede business, and obstruct commerce. In addition to this, they also throw an extra burden on the consumer. If a merchant knows that a duty will be levied on his stock-in-trade, he

considers its amount as being so much capital of his own, and he charges not for the amount of the tax merely, but for its amount together with interest. The difficulty, in a word, of all indirect taxation is that it makes the man of business a sort of middleman between the consumer on the one hand and the Government on the other, and that consequently the tax costs the consumer more than it actually produces, and is to this extent unfair and extravagant. The smoker of a sixpenny cigar pays much more for his gratification than the Government actually receives. The precise sum required on importation of the tobacco is, of course, paid by the importer or his representatives. It is added to the nett cost of the goods. Interest, legitimate profit, and all other charges, are made upon it, and the ultimate result is that, where Government gets twopence, the consumer in person has to pay fourpence, sixpence, or even more.

Such being the difficulties of indirect taxation—of which it may broadly be said that it takes sixpence from the taxpayer to put twopence into the pocket of the Government—it might not unreasonably be urged that direct taxation is the only possible mode of collecting the national revenue. Let us ask each man how much a-year he is worth; let us take him at his own word, and let us collect from him a proportionate sum. Such is, in effect, the ready reasoning of those who support the existing method of collecting the Income-tax; and if taxes are to be levied in this easy-going kind of way, perhaps the Income-tax is as good an impost as any other. It at any rate is not quite so rough in its operation as a poll-tax, which, without distinction of persons, requires from every member of the community a fixed sum per head. Taxes must be levied somehow. If a man does not pay in one shape he must pay in another. All that really concerns the average taxpayer is, that he should pay proportionately to his means. Indirect taxation, of course, does not effect this desirable result. The impost on a cigar weighs equally on the millionaire and the City clerk, but pinches very seriously the income of the latter.

To the Income-tax, however, in its present shape, and as it at present exists, there are many very serious objections. It presses unequally. It is a hard thing on a professional man that his annual income should be estimated as if it were permanent. The truth is, that, if the Income-tax is to be continued at all, it must be continued upon a reasonable basis, and men must pay proportionately to their means. The whole principle of taxation is that the taxpayer must contribute in proportion to his ability. There is obviously a great difference between the position of a professional man who is making a thousand a-year by the exercise of his abilities and that of a stockholder who is drawing a thousand a-year as the interest on his investments. If ever the Income-tax is to become a permanent part of our fiscal system, it will have to be arranged upon a graduated scale. Where a man with a small income can afford to pay a penny or twopence in the pound, the man with a larger income can easily meet a demand for fourpence, sixpence, or even a shilling. Indeed, the Income-tax, if it were perfectly assessed and properly collected, would render all other taxation unnecessary; and it is unfortunate that, beyond certain small exemptions in favour of people with small incomes, and of those who have been sufficiently prudent to insure their lives, no direct effort should ever yet have been made to graduate it.

THE FACTORY ACT.

There does not seem much doubt that Mr. Cross will succeed in carrying the new Factory Act into law. In truth, the Bill is much needed, for this, amongst many other reasons, that, as matters stand at present, employers of labour are scarcely able to tell what the State permits them to do or orders them to abstain from doing. The factory legislation of the kingdom is entombed in some forty-five enactments, whose provisions are all related and co-related to each other. Nobody but a skilled lawyer, who makes the matter a special study, can pilot a safe course through the complex intricacies of this vast and trackless sea of legislation. The time has come when all these laws should be overhauled and harmonised, when the useless parts of them should be repealed, and defective portions perfected, and when, above all things, they should be consolidated into one Act of Parliament. It is because Mr. Cross has made his measure a consolidating Act that many people who would probably feel inclined to obstruct it from conscientious objections to the principle of protective legislation are willing to withdraw their opposition. They know that some such legislation will exist despite their most violent efforts to prevent it. Such being the case, it is a mere matter of common sense to aid the Home Office as far as possible in casting it into a form somewhat more effective and somewhat less perplexing than that which it has hitherto assumed. The Bill may be divided into two parts. The first formulates the general law relating to all factory labour, and it extends this even to workshops and to industrial homes, where, for example, a family, with the assistance of one outsider, may, at their own fireside, be engaged in some kind of industrial occupation. There are provisions meant to guarantee good sanitation, and to obviate accidents from machinery and the like, for fixing within limits the labour of women and children, for having them subjected to medical inspection, and for also ensuring, in the case of children, a certain amount of school attendance. The second head of the Bill may be said to deal with special particulars, to provide special enactments for special trades—enactments which sometimes take the form of exceptions and sometimes that of increased restriction.

Hitherto the House of Commons has not raised, in discussing the Bill in detail, many matters involving great principles or keen public interest. As far as we can see, only two or three points of this kind have come up for review. There was an attempt made to extend the benefit of the Act to agricultural children; and another to preclude the employment of children under ten on the streets of towns where there are School Boards. Lastly, there was another effort made to relax some of the harassing restrictions which the Bill puts on female labour. Beyond these three questions none have been raised since the Bill went into Committee, upon which there was any great difference of opinion. Concerning the extension of the Act to agricultural children, we may say that "the farmer's friends" did not successfully meet Mr. Fawcett's arguments. They, in the main, rested their case on the fact that Lord Sandon's Act had done a great deal to give farm children education, and that, if any more restrictions were put on the employment of children in agriculture, the farmers, as one eloquent member put it, would be "driven to despair." But if that be the case, why do they support so enthusiastically laws that restrict the use of juvenile labour in factories? Would they not turn a deaf ear to an outcry that, if legislation of this sort be persisted in, the manufacturers "will be driven to despair"? In truth, it is quite touching to see the anxiety with which the country party guard the educational interests of factory children. Their keen desire to be philanthropic at the expense of other people almost borders on the grotesque. They do not employ factory children themselves; therefore, let it be made as difficult as possible for others to employ them. As school attendance will increase that difficulty, let all factory children be educated. But they do employ farm children in agriculture, and as school attendance will interfere with this practice, let these children be kept as ignorant as possible. That, after stripping away the cant and the affectation of benevolence in which they masquerade in the House of Commons, is what large numbers of the squirearchy disclose as their real attitude to factory legislation. It certainly explains their otherwise unintelligible and persistent hostility to all attempts made for the purpose of extending the Factory Acts to children engaged in rural work. Indeed, it is an old story now—but it was very generally stated at the time—that when Lord

Ashley, thirty years or so ago, introduced his first Factory Acts, the bulk of his Tory supporters hardly concealed their motive in backing him up with an almost infuriated enthusiasm. They scarcely affected to deny that they supported his philanthropic project because they thought it inflicted a just punishment on those manufacturing interests that had procured the repeal of the Corn Laws. The state of the law bearing on the relations of education and employment is very simple. A factory child continues a half-timer till he is thirteen or in some cases fourteen years of age. A farm child, even under the labour pass system of Lord Sandon's Act, is a half-timer only up to the age of ten. What Mr. Fawcett asked was why should there be any distinction made between the two classes? Why should a farmer be able to employ children at ten years of age, free from those worrying restrictions and interferences which are laid like an embargo on the employment by manufacturers of children of that age? Because a child is the offspring of an artisan, it must be educated up to the age of thirteen or fourteen; but, because a child is the progeny of a farm labourer, then it must be educated only up to the age of ten, after which it may, for aught Mr. Cross seems to care, lapse into ignorance. Yet, if it be necessary that factory children should be well educated because they have, when they grow up, to deal with complex machinery, does not the same argument apply to farm children? What is the great bane of agriculture in this country? Simply that machinery is not introduced into it to the same extent as it has been made use of in other industries. But Mr. Barclay, himself one of the most eminent of Scotch farmers, speaking with all the authority of the representative in Parliament of a great agricultural district, proved in his singularly able speech that the great bar to the introduction of steam-driven machinery into farming operations was the ignorance and want of skill characteristic of farm labourers. Occasionally it has been argued that it would be impossible to bring agricultural children under inspection. But this Bill does more than that. It brings cottage-workers, mothers and their families, in every home in England where, with perhaps the help of an outsider, work is done for money, under the power of the factory inspector. Surely, if that official be able to supervise the one set of workers, he will have little difficulty in dealing with the others. But, even allowing this to be the case, it does not meet the demand that the agricultural labour pass should be so raised in standard as to put the farm children on the same educational footing as the factory children—unless, indeed, it be contended, as it is, that English farmers will be ruined by such a proposal; in other words, that, to make their profits, they must be allowed to get cheap child-labour, and that to get cheap child-labour it is necessary to keep Hodge's progeny in ignorance.

Regarding the restrictions which the Act puts on female labour, this is not the time to discuss at length the general question whether the law ought to interfere with the adult female factory worker any more than with the adult male. For our part we have a strong belief that unless grown-up women as well as grown-up men are able to take care of themselves, they will cut but a feckless figure in the world, and that the sooner they are forced to look after their own interests the better will it be for them and for the State. The only people who have been violent advocates of treating factory women like children, and of restricting their labour in all possible ways, are the factory inspectors, whose occupation would be to some extent gone were women freed from their officious protection; and the Trades Unions, who object to women, or indeed even men who are not in their guild, competing in the labour market with male unionists. Of course if the men in question were always willing to maintain the women of their families in decency and comfort, they might have some show of reason on their side when they object to letting them work in mills. But the truth is, women are driven to become factory workers simply because the men either cannot or will not support them. They must in such cases either take to the factory or to "the streets;" and the odd thing is that whilst the State puts all sorts of hindrances in the way of their favouring the former as a means of livelihood, it gives them the fullest liberty to take to the latter. However, even the Home Office is at last getting ashamed of restricting adult female labour, and the O'Conor Don, who is a competent authority on this vexed question, thought that the present Bill rather relaxed many of the old restrictions. The only possible pretence on which the State has a right to interfere with the labour of adult women—apart of course from considerations of decency and morality—is in cases where it interferes with what society must ever regard as a first charge on the energies of womanhood, namely, child-bearing. Restrictions, then, preventing pregnant women, and women who have been recently confined, from working so as to injure themselves, are fair enough. Beyond that, however, the State has no right to go. But when we turn to the Bill, we find it bristling with petty worrying hindrances to women-workers. Let us take one by way of illustration. Women are prohibited, along with children, from taking their meals save at a fixed hour, and in a place where no manufacturing process is carried on; they are prohibited from even resting themselves at any part of the dinner-hour in their place of work. In a workshop where nothing but manual labour is used, the prohibition is one that must drive women, who live at a distance from their homes, into the shelterless street, or into the bar of the nearest public-house. Mr. Cross, half-ashamed of the clause which enacts this sapient rule, tried to defend it by saying that it was not meant to strike at women as women, but merely to protect the children and young persons working with them. But the question then comes to be this, Why apply the clause to factories where no children are employed with the women, and why not apply it to cases where men are associated with children in toil? The plan of binding down all the factory women in a mill to take their meals at one hard-fixed hour with the children is little short of ridiculous. They ought to be allowed to take them whenever it is most convenient for themselves and their masters. The practical effect of it will be that employers, finding so many inconveniences attending the use of female labour, will either pay women less wages or dispense with their services altogether. Of course this may be a pleasant prospect for the Trades Unionists, but it is a grave question whether it is a pleasant one for the nation. If the women of the industrial classes have the area of employment narrowed, how are they to live? The class of working men whose improvidence and profligacy are the main causes which force women into factories and workshops are not likely to mend their manners and support their wives and daughters at home. Possibly, even if they did correct their ways, they might not, in these hard times, be able to earn enough for that purpose. What, then, is to become of the women who are dependent on them? The only answer is, that they must go upon the rates; and if the outcome of philanthropic and grandmotherly legislation is to be the pauperising of the working women of England, all we can say is that the less we have of such law-making the better.

COLONIAL MARRIAGES.

After a vigorous if not exactly animated debate, the House of Commons has, on its second reading, passed the Colonial Marriages Bill, and has so by a majority of 182 to 161 confirmed the principle of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Against the measure spoke Mr. Gregory, Mr. Heygate, Sir Henry Holland, the Solicitor-General, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Bowyer, Earl Percy, Mr. Beresford Hope, and Mr. Marten. In its favour were Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (its introducer), Mr. Forster, Sir Thomas Chambers, Mr. Osborne Morgan, and Mr. Serjeant Simon. The speakers on each side were placed at a disadvantage by the fact

that they were fighting what is beyond all doubt a feigned issue. In England marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal and void. The parties may go through the ceremony of marriage, but they violate the declaration which they virtually have to make to the effect that they know of no reason why they should not be joined as man and wife. The ceremony itself is a religious form with no binding effect, and the offspring of the union, if any, are hopelessly illegitimate. This is not the case in the colonies. In almost every colony marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been legalised, and the object of the Bill which passed its second reading on Wednesday last is that the children of a marriage celebrated in the colonies with a deceased wife's sister shall be considered legitimate in England for all intents and purposes. The only person who met the Bill boldly was Mr. Gregory, who declared that its preamble was fraudulent, and that its real object was to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister by a side wind. This may, perhaps, be the case; but, when a just demand is made over and over again, and is over and over again refused, it is surely only fair strategy to present it in such a shape that it is difficult to give any plausible reason for its rejection. The other opponents of the measure were less bold and trenchant than Mr. Gregory. Sir Henry Holland and the Solicitor-General talked a vast amount about the relative precedence of the mother country and her colonies, and argued that it would be a most disastrous thing if England were to give way to her own dependencies, and to model her law upon colonial precedents. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was also of opinion that insuperable difficulties would arise if England were to be called upon to modify her law in accordance with the wishes of her colonists; and indeed almost every argument was used, short of the time-honoured one that British interests were at stake. On the other hand, the supporters of the Bill urged, with considerable show of reason, that, in a very large portion of Her Majesty's dominions, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is legal, and the offspring of such a marriage is legitimate. It is monstrous, they argued, that a young man should be legitimate in the colonies and a bastard in England. The law of a great Empire such as England ought to be uniform and consistent; and if the colonies are more liberal than the mother country, it is not for the latter to meet them with a *non possumus*, or to tell them that they are going too fast. Accordingly, the measure passed its second reading. Whether it will be thrown out in the House of Lords remains to be seen. It will probably meet that fate. Meantime, the supporters of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill have gained so far, a substantial victory.

It is easy to understand the opposition with which both the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill and the present measure have been met. There are plenty of people who religiously believe in the Table of Affinities, and who hold that for a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife is an act almost incestuous. There are others, again, who are of opinion that, on mere grounds of public policy, such marriages ought to be not only discouraged but disallowed. If, they tell us, a married man were able to regard his young sister-in-law as a possible successor to his wife, the peace of every household in England would be unsettled and disturbed. As an answer to this we are assured that the sister is by a sort of law of nature the proper guardian of her elder sister's children. We doubt if this be so, unless in very exceptional instances. A stepmother is seldom kindly, and as a matter of fact there is some reason to believe that a sister would be a less genial stepmother than anyone else. We may be told that in saying this we are taking a low and unworthy view of human nature. So it may be. The facts of real life often compel one to take such a view, and as a mere matter of common sense it is our opinion that the highly-coloured ideal of the younger sister of the deceased wife taking her place and pouring out upon her orphan children a love and affection partly that of aunt and partly of stepmother has been somewhat over-strained. It is always a misfortune for a reform reasonable in itself that it should be supported upon sentimental grounds. The real answer to those who oppose the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is that the measure is one which is just in itself, and that the onus lies on those who oppose it. The difficulty in which its friends are entangled is that, rightly or wrongly, personal motives are imputed to them. It is said—we do not know upon what authority—that the Bill has been from the first supported and introduced by a small clique of wealthy and influential men who have themselves gone through the illegal form of marriage in question, and who are anxious to see their act condoned by the law. We are not in a position to say whether this is really so; but it is certainly a fact that the Bill, year after year, has always contained a clause making its action retrospective; and such a fact is, to say the least, suspicious. Nor is this all, for the measure itself is not founded on any broad principle. It allows a widower to marry the sister of his deceased wife. It does not extend to a widow the analogous right to marry her deceased husband's brother. Let us assume—a perfectly possible case—that two brothers marry two sisters, and that in one family the husband dies, and in the other the wife. Under all measures which have hitherto been introduced for the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the widower would in such a case be able to marry his brother's widow. She on her part would be unable to marry the husband of her deceased sister. If the Bill with which the name of Sir Thomas Chambers has so long been identified had been really intended to work a substantial reform in the law, it would, we venture to think, have been shaped on broader grounds. We, for our part, should welcome any measure altering the absurd Table of Affinities by which the English marriage law is at present regulated. Against marriage in the direct line of consanguinity, arguments can be brought into which it is unnecessary that we should enter. Common sense supports them, and in a civilised and intelligent community it is unnecessary that they should be discussed. If, however, a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, why should he not—to follow the Table of Affinities from its beginning to its end—be also at liberty to marry his grandfather's widow, such widow not, of course, being his actual grandmother? What possible objection can there be to his marrying the widow of his wife's grandfather, not being actually his wife's grandmother? Why, to descend a step lower in the family tree, should he not be allowed to marry the widow of his father's brother? She is his aunt by marriage, and is so far a relation to him; but there is no consanguinity, and if we are to consider the interests of the children, we may surely presume that a grand-aunt would make fully as kind and cordial a stepmother as an aunt in the ordinary degree. Why, too, should not a man marry the widow of his uncle by the mother's side, or the sister of his wife's father or mother, or his wife's mother? Indeed, the arguments for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister seem to us to apply with still more irresistible force to the legalisation of marriage with the deceased wife's mother. If a man is to marry his deceased wife's sister, why on earth should he not marry his mother-in-law? Mother, as a rule, loves daughter more than sister sister; and if there is one person more than another who would look after and protect orphan children it is surely their own grandmother. It is unnecessary that we should follow the table through all its details, or ask why a man who has married a widow with daughters, should not, on her death, marry her daughter by a previous husband, or why he should not marry his wife's son's daughter, or his wife's sister's daughter. All we contend is that the matter is one that ought to be dealt with comprehensively, or else to be let alone. Let the present Table of Affinities be altered. Let all marriages be legalised that do not involve breach of the laws of consanguinity. To any measure of this kind, every true Liberal would give a hearty support. But a mere half-and-half measure, which lies under the imputation of owing its origin to

purely personal motives, can never hope for the success that a broader and more genuine scheme of reform would deserve, and ought to command.

A COLD WORLD TO CONQUER.

Simple-minded citizens who read their morning paper —and believe it—were not long ago sorely agitated in their scientific soul of souls. They were assured that the whole globe was now explored; that mankind and their dwelling-places had been surveyed from China to Peru; and that there were no more worlds for them or for their sons to conquer. All they could do now was to sell calico waist-cloths and Birmingham deities to the heathen, and thus make filthy lucre out of their religious aspirations or their sense of decency. Mr. Henry M. Stanley had unravelled the last secret of this earthly ball, and the geographical Alexanders might now sit down and weep—as soon as they could find an unexplored locality in which to assuage their grief. The Geographical Society was to dissolve after it had voted the Cambro-American his medal, "endorsed" his statements, and received a little more abuse; while the map-makers had only to engrave Lakes Levy Lawson and Gordon Bennett on their maps, stereotype them, and die. Now this is very disquieting news for people who have not got their K.C.B., or others whose brothers, or cousins, or grandmothers have still to be posted. But happily it is all a false alarm, which has originated in the lively brain of some gifted member of the daily Press. There are worlds to conquer yet, and lands that Fleet Street is unacquainted with. Did not someone lately read a "paper" showing that half of South America is a *terra incognita*, and does not Mr. Markham grow politely abusive when it is suggested that any portion of the Arctic regions—excepting, of course, that visited by Captain Nares and his cousin—has been half explored? Then Australia is yet unknown, and an arid world it is likely to prove; while no less an authority than Baker Pasha assures us that Africa is—Stanley notwithstanding—"full of mysteries." Then—to go to a cooler neighbourhood—there are the Antarctic regions. When the Artful Dodger met Oliver Twist, he informed him that he was from "Greenland," no doubt thereby intending to convey the idea that his residence was very remote and particularly mysterious. Now, if Mr. John Dawkins had been better informed, he would have announced his "ken" to have been in Graham's Land, which is a region infinitely more remote and very much more mysterious than even Greenland. Moreover, just about that date, Sir James Reid was exploring the mysterious lands that lie around the Southern Pole. In those days—nearly forty years ago—we used to hear a good deal of the Antarctic regions, but we have heard little since. Ships have come and ships have gone, explorer has succeeded explorer, as Amurath comes after Amurath, and yet the unknown lands that lie south of Cape Horn are as unknown as they were when Ross and Crozier skirted them in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the very ships in which Franklin, Crozier, and FitzJames were afterwards cast away on the dreary shores of King William Land. The Antarctic region is probably less known than any other portion of the world, and, though dreary enough to satisfy the most heartfelt yearning for desolation, it is at the same time more interesting than Grinnell Land, Novai Zemlai, or those unutterably dreary fragments of ice and snow which bear the name of the Austrian Emperor.

With the exception of an attempt at exploration on the part of the *Challenger* people, which resulted, as might have been expected, in nothing, the members of that gigantic picnic party preferred the South Sea Isles and the champagne luncheons of colonial governors to real work. There has, since 1843, been scarcely a sign of the geographers in England knowing that the Antarctic regions are yet among the "lands where no man comes." An expedition for observing the transit of Venus certainly went, in 1874, to Kerguelen Island, but they made no attempt at exploration. There is, however, again some talk of the Antarctic Pole being the field for adventure. Australia or New Zealand lie much nearer the South Pole than we do, and hence could afford a more satisfactory base of operation than is to be found in Europe. The colonists are growing rich. They are assuming, and very properly too, certain airs which we associate with a people meditating national existence. They play wildly at the game of Ministerial Bench and Opposition; they seat and unseat Cabinets; and though they have not yet made up their minds to cease asking the poor people of England to pay for defending them, promptly pass "protectionist" laws against British goods. They have universities and Royal Societies, observatories, museums, and botanic gardens, menageries, theatres, clubs, comic journals, patriots, Dorcas meetings, bishops, and all the other luxuries which adorn and charm life at the Antipodes. They have almost tired of sending out explorers to die in the bush, and certain bolder souls among them think that it would be a fine thing to despatch an expedition southward. It would relieve the money-making tedium of existence, and throw a glamour over lives spent in tinning mutton, shearing sheep, or digging gold. Why not? On December 6, 1882, there is going to be another transit of Venus over the sun, from which the astronomers hope great things in ascertaining the exact distance of the planet from the earth; and so it is proposed to embrace that opportunity as an excuse for running south. The late Captain Davis, of the Admiralty, who had been an officer in Ross's expedition, was never weary of expatiating upon this plan. In December or January—midsummer, be it remembered, in those latitudes—the ships would proceed South Polewise in about 160° east longitude, working through the pack ice towards South Victoria Land; pass Possession Island; carefully examine Coulman Island, in latitude 73¾°; and, failing to find a harbour or suitable position for landing on that island, return at once to Possession Island, where Sir James Ross effected a landing, and put ashore the devotees of Venus and her movements with their huts, instruments, and provisions for two years. They would then return north, and, after visiting the other observing parties, again proceed south, about the same time as the previous year, and, first embarking the southern party, return and pick up the others and so go back to England, or wherever they came from.

Glancing at a map of the Antarctic regions, we see little land but much frozen sea. Circling round the Pole, just on the borders of the Antarctic Circle, are Graham's Land, Alexander's Island, Petra Island, Victoria Land, Balleny Island, Adelie Land, North's High Land, Sabrina Land, Budd Land, Knox Land, Kemp Land, Enderby Land, and numerous fragments of country or islands lying further north. In addition there are on the map numerous misty points, where the look-out man from the masthead saw the "appearance of land"—which was never reached. There can scarcely be a doubt that these broken patches are in reality all parts of a great Antarctic continent, stretching on in more or less unbroken continuity to the Southern Pole. It is a barren country—far more barren than Greenland, yet infinitely richer. For in these dreary islets are the haunts of seal, walrus, narwhal and whale, but more especially of seals—not the cheap hair-skinned brutes of the far North, but the otaries and sea-elephants which yield the fur so dear to the ladies—and so *very* dear to their husbands. Who knows but in the winter the crews could kill enough of these valuable *ferœ maris* to pay the cost of the expedition? Indeed, science and seals—or, rather, seals, and once or twice science—have taken the explorers into these inhospitable lands. Yet, while Davis and Baffin, Frobisher and Franklin, are familiar names in England, how few ever heard of stout Dirk Gerritz, who, in 1599, discovered South Shetland; Bellingshausen, whose expedition was more of importance from what it did not discover than from what it did; Weddell, a naval officer and seal-hunter, who, in 1823, with fine old-fashioned courage, penetrated in a small vessel as far south as latitude 74° 15′; Biscoe, Balleny,

Dr. Urville Wilkes, afterwards of "San Jacento" fame, or Kemp—the latter of whom discovered Enderby Land, which he named in honour of the public-spirited London merchant who had defrayed the expense of his expedition. In those days there were giants in the land; for, only a few years before, Felix Booth, a London distiller, had paid the cost of Sir John Ross's Arctic expedition, and, for his munificence, had his name embalmed in Boothia Felix. Who will pay the charges of the next one? Surely private enterprise is not exhausted, and "open-handed men" confined to the proprietors of two great daily newspapers? Who's bound for the South Pole, and who's going to pay for the passages? No man has ever yet wintered there. No man can tell anything about it, except that here and there are patches of land. Yet in this *terra australis* strange sights are to be seen. The voyager coasts along a shore from which rise mountains 12,000 to 14,000 feet high, while Mount Erebus (12,360 feet) is an active volcano, which belches out flames, lava, and smoke, lighting up with its lurid glare the snows of the long dark Antarctic night which corresponds to our summer. Constellations which we know nothing of in these high north latitudes sparkle in this austral sky; meteoric phenomena which we may not even dream of are no doubt yet to be discovered in this dim, misty, mysterious land of the south. Ross went to study magnetism, but magnetic observations on a hurried voyage yield but poor returns. Who will stay an Antarctic winter through—all for love of science, Mount Erebus, Victoria Land, glory, a K.C.B., and the Southern Cross?

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

A correspondence has lately taken place in a medical contemporary, which brings to light a most curious and suggestive state of things regarding the school of medicine at Oxford. The Faculty of Medicine has ceased to exist, and the endowments specially left to it by pious founders have been noiselessly diverted to other purposes. In the last century, Dr. Matthew Lee left an endowment in the hands of the governing body of Christ Church, to support a Reader in Anatomy; the anatomist was specially required to carry on the dissection of the human body in the somewhat restricted way that was then usual in medical education. Dr. Lee's foundation now brings in some 3,000*l.* a-year, but not one farthing of it is expended in the strict terms of his bequest. Readers in zoology, chemistry, history, &c., are paid from it, and there is an annual charge on it of 1,200*l.* in the shape of classical exhibitions for boys from Westminster School. The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, with the approval of the Commissioners in 1854, appear to think that the medical pious founder is a pious founder with a difference. There is a Regius Professorship of Medicine in the University, founded in the reign of Henry VIII.; it is held by a distinguished and respected physician, who delivers no lectures. There is also an Aldrichian Professorship of Medicine, and a Professorship of Clinical Medicine, both of which are held, in conjunction with the Regius Professorship, by the gentleman who does not lecture. Everyone is able to recall that burst of genuine admiration with which he gazed for the first time at the young lady of the circus riding the three cream-coloured horses, all galloping together. Theologians have used this before now, with that unconscious profanity which comes of familiarity with sacred things, as an illustration of certain grave doctrinal difficulties. But here is an illustration much more to the purpose, and a spectacle no less worthy of admiration, in an Oxford don sitting in three chairs at once, as steady as a rock, unmoving and unmoved. But if that be intellectual repose, there is an ethical ease that is no less remarkable. The Professorship of Clinical Medicine was founded under the will of Lord Lichfield in 1772. The professor is elected by the Convocation of the University. His duties are to visit the patients in the Radcliffe Infirmary daily from November to March, and to read a lecture two days a week. If the professor neglect his attendance, a year's stipend is forfeited to the Infirmary, and a sum of five pounds is forfeited for each lecture omitted. It does not appear, from the annual reports of the Infirmary, that any forfeits have been received. Although there is still a so-called "School of Medicine" at Oxford, in which a small number of students graduate every year, having been educated in medicine elsewhere, the Faculty of Medicine has ceased to have even a nominal existence, and the three-in-one professorship, together with the Linacre Professorship of Physiology, are classed in the University programme under the head of "Physical Science and Mathematics." Now for this effacement of an important Faculty there is probably no blame to be laid against individuals; it requires no particular forbearance to discover in such a history simply the hand of time and the force of circumstances. The stipulation about the five-pound forfeits is perhaps a trifle disquieting; but the probability is that the Radcliffe Infirmary is well provided for, and does not really want extraneous contributions. The extinction of the Faculty of Medicine at Oxford is merely a part of the general severance of professional education from the old universities in England. It is hardly necessary to remark that Oxford and Cambridge stand alone among the universities of Europe in that respect.

In the universities of Italy, several of them coeval with those of Oxford and Cambridge, the Faculties of Law and Medicine preponderate over the Faculty of Arts, just as in the English universities the latter preponderates over the former. In Germany the Faculties are more equal. In Würzburg, owing to its large and rich Julius-Spital, the Medical Faculty is the most numerous; in Tübingen the Faculties of Law and Theology are both larger than either of the other two; in Leipzig the Faculties of Arts and Law are about equal, and the largest; and it is only in Halle, and one or two other universities, that the Arts Faculty is the chief. In France, again, almost the whole of the superior education takes a professional or special direction. In both of the old English universities, the framework of the professional Faculties exists; but the professional teaching has always been subordinate, and in Oxford it has in a great measure ceased. The aim, we are told, of the English universities is general culture and knowledge for its own sake; professional education, we are also told, is sufficiently provided for in London. Both of these statements, taken as statements of fact and not as theories of what should be, will bear a brief examination.

That the end and aim of Oxford and Cambridge towards their 4,000 students—or more particularly of Cambridge towards its 2,000—is general culture and the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, is a pleasing delusion; it is a beautiful euphemism to describe a University education in such language. A critic has somewhere spoken of the class that frequent the Universities as "the polite flower of the nation," and that is a very proper description of a large part of them; but there are many undergraduates who are not altogether removed from sordid cares. It is, however, as the polite flower that they are all alike treated. The college tutor pays their bills, and acts in a general way *in loco parentis*. The college dean sees that they "keep" a certain minimum of "chapels" every week; the practice has been eloquently denounced by Wordsworth, and it is not necessary to say another word against it. The private tutor—he is perhaps more special to Cambridge—takes their intellectual upbringing in hand, and feeds them with a spoon. There are two orders of private tutors—"pass coaches" and "honour coaches." The pass coaches are for the polite flower class, and the honour coaches are for the more gifted youth, who come up, often at a mature age, to try their luck. The pass men are fed with a wooden spoon, and the honour men are fed with a silver spoon; and the assimilation and digestion in both cases is, as it were, by means of a cast-iron mechanism. The aim of the one tutor is to get his man "through," the aim of the other is to place

his man as high as possible in the list. In the latter case, the candidate will ask the tutor how high he will be, and, in nine cases out of ten, the tutor could tell him his place with much exactitude, and that, too, at a time when the examination is still distant. The stimulus to the honour student is the hope of a fellowship; there are few fellowships in a year, but many come to the University hoping for them. There are pass coaches who have invented an ingenious pecuniary stimulus suitable to their humbler sphere of education. The students attending the coach at the same hour enter for a sweepstakes, say, of half-a-crown, and the pupil who excels, in solving a problem perhaps, pockets the sweep. Now, this apparatus of learning can hardly be said to bear directly upon general culture, nor can the scrambling for scholarships and the wrangling—in the old sense—for fellowships be called the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake.

Meanwhile there is a staff of University professors and College lecturers who form a collateral teaching body; but their audience is apt to be small at the commencement, and when an aspiring undergraduate discovers that the lectures do not "pay," as he candidly expresses it, he unceremoniously gives them up. There are few students who are always cynics in the matter of their studies; it no doubt happens that many of them, when their bow is unbent, have more or less clear ideas of what learning for its own sake is, and by how great a gulf it is divided from that preparation which they are undergoing for the honours race. The perception of this difference must be still clearer to the professor or lecturer who gets no hearers, unless he chooses to turn himself into a superior kind of coach, and to teach in a particular manner a subject that is likely to be set. There are professors who have for a long time felt themselves to be an anomaly, like the Professor of Medicine at Oxford, and there are some candid College lecturers who would admit the same. It can hardly be otherwise so long as students come to the University, often at the age of nineteen or twenty, selected from all the schools and colleges in the country, already highly trained in certain conventional subjects, carefully suppressing at least all serious outbursts of individuality or of enthusiasm, or of genius, and ambitious only to excel in the race and to enter into the reward. So far as there is general culture, it is acquired in spite of the cynicism and sordidness that the system tends to breed; and as for the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, such a habit of mind is, under the circumstances, rendered impossible. Some youths are sent by their parents, because it is the *mode*, and most of the others come, not for knowledge, but to give proof of their knowledge. Of the latter, many are disappointed, and a few obtain incomes that probably weaken their self-reliance; while all of them have a pleasant time, and leave with a beggarly account of useless mathematics or philology. Of the fortunate few, there may be individuals now and then who develop, after an interval, a turn for true learning, and who become scholars by profession. They remain at the University either to take their place among the anomalous body of public teachers, or to confine themselves to solitary work.

What chance is there for professional education in the midst of such a system, and what chances would there not be for it if the system were abolished? The University education is at present a mere prolongation of the school system. Youths who have already remained too long at school in preparation spend three years more in waiting for the reward of their preparation, whether it be a fellowship or a place in the honour list of recognised and advertisable value. The Universities, according to a French criticism, are mere *hauts lycées*; and, so far as the Faculty of Arts is concerned, it is too probable that they will remain so. It is difficult to see how the foundation of more professorships will encourage a greater spirit of learning for its own sake, and it is a question whether scholars by profession should hold them as sinecures. The University of Cambridge, several years ago, created a professorship for one of its most distinguished scholars, and he resigned it after two years. It is now held by another scholar of great learning; but it is not impossible, according to precedent, that some future incumbent may be wanting in distinction, while for the exercise of ordinary abilities he would have no scope. If one can imagine some sudden stroke of fortune that stripped the Colleges of all their wealth, and dispersed it absolutely, there would then be produced such a dislocation of the University system as would afford the University professor a fair field. With the loss of money would go the so-called honour examinations; with the decline of the honour examinations would pass away the system of spoon-feeding by private tutors. Instead of these things there would arise the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and there would develop among students, individuality, enthusiasm, and genius. No one who believes in the capacity of the English race, and who remembers the numerous manifestations of that capacity outside the Universities, can doubt for a moment that such a renovation would take place. Of course the stroke of fortune that will work these marvels is not to be seriously expected. There is every reason to think that the present Commissioners will deal tenderly with College interests. But it cannot be too strongly urged that the interests of the Colleges are bound up exclusively with the studies in the Faculty of Arts, and with the honour examinations. It is College wealth, the existence of great prizes to be won, that is responsible for the unnatural length of school preparation, for the cynical eclecticism of the University private tutor, and for the ludicrous degree to which certain barren and conventional subjects of study are pushed. The College system and the monstrous extension of honour examinations have grown up together, and they should in the future be joined to one another till such time as mutual dissolution occur. Side by side with that portentous engine of education, the framework of the University exists, empty indeed, but ready to take on a vigorous activity without organic change. Whatever interests remain to the Universities, and whatever duties are in store for them in the immediate future, are in the way of professional education. The question then remains whether professional teaching in theology, law, and medicine, is not sufficiently provided for in London or elsewhere, and whether the Universities may be reasonably expected to co-operate in or to improve upon the professional teaching of the country. It is a further question whether a due development of all the Faculties would not, by a gradual process, put out of countenance that unseemly race for so-called honours which now dominates the whole University system.

POETS AND PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

There is no objection against the use of human lay figures by the novelist which does not equally apply to their use by the poet; and, from the solely artistic point of view, the objections in the case of the poet are yet stronger than in the case of the novelist. We ask from the novelist a definiteness and possibility for each personage, a suitability of conduct, language, and sentiment, to the epoch and theatre of events chosen, which shall make the story read as true: but we ask of the poet that his personages shall not be sharply definite, shall not even in drama be definite with the minute definiteness of the novel, while it shall seem impossible for them not to be or to be other than they are; and we ask a suitability not so much to a given epoch and theatre as to always and everywhere, no matter under what disguise of date and story. The poet has therefore yet greater need than the novelist of that full conception of the character he is treating which can only come from creation. He need not, of course, create in the sense that the personage or the events he is interpreting shall not have pre-existed in fact or fiction; on the contrary, the highest powers of creative imagination have usually found their fittest exercise in intensified pourtrayal of the men and women and events of history or of legends and tales. It seems as if the resistance, so

to speak, offered to the plastic despotism of the artist by characteristics accepted, not made, called forth a subtler and a stronger skill than if he had worked with the limitlessness of free invention. The poet creates as the sculptor does; he need not make the stone as well as the statue. His function is not, like the novelist's, to devise new stories, but to make old stories new. But the men and women he pourtrays must have been born again in his brain; they must be his by creation not by copying. It will not answer, if he wants to poetise the mood of a good man conscious of temptation, to take the clergyman of his parish and try to imagine what he would feel if he could be in such a position; nor will it be inspiring, artistically speaking, if he needs a villain triumphant, to select his most hostile reviewer to sit for a likeness. For even supposing that he really *could* look into an individual heart as the oculist, by the proper arrangement of lens and light, can look into an individual eye, and that, being thus enabled to map out an *absolutely* true copy of the man, he could, by virtue of the poetic instinct of fitness, provide it with exactly and only such accessory incidents and surroundings as should keep it *relatively* true to nature, the successful result would be no poet's success. Nobody wants the poet so to draw characters that each shall seem the presentment of some special person known in the flesh; that is an aim to be left to the novelist—the nature of whose art and materials renders him fiftyfold more competent to fulfil it. We look to the poet for feelings, thoughts, actions if need be, represented in a way which shall affect us as the manifest expression of what our very selves must have felt and thought and done if we had been those he puts before us and in their cases. He must make us feel this not only of what we ourselves, being ourselves, could come to think and feel and do in like circumstances, but of what no circumstances could possibly call out in us. One may be hopelessly incapacitated by a limp and considerate mental temperament from ever becoming a murderer even in a moment's thought, and for the matter of that so may the poet, but if the poet describes the sensations of an intending murderer he has to make one feel that he has found out just what one's sensations would be if one could have been capable of thinking about committing murder. Or one may be impermeable to any more ecstatic love than goes to make a matrimonial choice in a comfortable way, but the poet describing the passion of love must make one feel that one knows it all for a fact, that those are just one's own sentiments—or at least what one's own sentiments would be if one were of the sort to fall in love. Not many have it in us to be Iagos, but we feel sure that, if we were to be an Iago, we should be *that* Iago.

And yet, with the very nature of the poet's delineation to show that he cannot effect it by reference to individual models, it is the poet especially whom the general public are wont to assume to have filled his canvases with direct studies from living lay figures. People will not understand that he embodies his conception, say, of modesty and girlhood, in some fair girl-shape of his imagination, without measuring to the pattern of somebody he knows who is a girl and is modest; or his conception of martial valour in a soldier whose personality grew in his own brain, instead of setting down the results of his contemplations of some distinguished officer of his acquaintance. He writes a poem about an unnatural grandmother; people guess which of his two grandmothers it was who endeavoured to poison him in his youth and left him with such an unpleasant feeling about it; and, if it is quite certain that he never had a grandmother, then the question is which of the grandmothers of his confidential friends he has had for heroine. Points of personal description are seized on in the most ludicrous way for identifying purposes: must not Lady Blanche Dove be the "fair fierce fiend" and the "passionate Upas blight" of Mr. Bayleaf's poem "The Golden-haired Witch;" for has she not golden hair and is she not fair, and, though she does not strike ordinary observers as ferocious or passionate or anything but a very meek well-behaved young lady, yet was she not believed to have, in her quiet way, let Mr. Bayleaf pay her a good deal of attention before he engaged himself to the lady with dark hair he is going to marry? And who can Mr. Bayleaf mean in his poem of "The False Lover's Return" by the hero with "low pale brow" and "strong and eager gait" but his friend Captain Steadyman who has got a low forehead and does usually walk fast and who, having been to India, did return, and who, being good-looking and in the army, might very likely have flirted with Mr. Bayleaf's sister or some other lady Mr. Bayleaf knew? It would be interesting to know how many young ladies were, on the strength of the least little aquiline curve in their delicate noses and the having been more or less frequently in the same room with the laureate, or somewhere where he could if he pleased perceive their noses, declared with absoluteness "the Original of Tennyson's Maud." The present writer was favoured with the sight of one, and heard of five or six; others were understood to be plentiful. Nothing seems more likely.

But more especially still is the poet believed to be his own lay-figure. He is taken as offering his readers the presentment of himself, his hopes, his loves, his sorrows, his guilts and remorses, his history and psychology generally. Some people so thoroughly believe this to be the proper view of the poet's position towards the public that they will despise a man as a hypocrite because after having written and printed, "I am the bridegroom of Despair," or "No wine but the wine of death for me," or some such unsociable sentiment, he goes out to dinners and behaves like anybody else. One even hears it adduced as a fault in the moral character of poets generally that they do not feel all they write—meaning that they do not feel it in their own persons, part of their own experience. It is heartily to be hoped of most of them that they do not. Turn over the pages of any dozen poets now living, men and women, and take all their utterances for their own in their own persons, suppose the first personal pronoun not artistically vicarious but standing for the writer's substantive self; what an appalling dozen of persons! Not to speak of those legions of love-affairs simultaneously carried on in which they indulge—although some of them, being married and moving in respectable society, ought long ago to have "renounced all others"—not to speak of these, what sort of existences can they be that allow of all the miscellaneous tragedies and idyls which appear to diversify the days of these multifarious beings? and how do they preserve their reason through such a conflicting variety of emotions, sonnet by sonnet and stanza by stanza? We have only to try to imagine what, "if I meant I," must be the mental state of these writers of many emotions, to see, in the fact of their being able to correct their proofs and get their books through press, consoling evidence that, as a rule, I does not mean I.

There are exceptions to the rule. Every now and then even a reticent poet does distinctly express emotions which belong to him in his actual life and not in that life of interpretership which in some ways he feels as even more real to him than actual. Naturally he will do so chiefly, or only, as to moods which belong to all human nature and which would find like expression whether he expressed them in his own ego or an imagined one; they will be poems, not biography. And there have been poets who, accepting the popular theory of poetry being, as it were, confessional, have systematically put their personality forward. Yet where this is obvious it is not always real. The burst of sorrow has many a time had its ostensible subject hit upon only when it was wanted for the printers; the anger and withering scorn have found their theme in something that happened after the taunts and the rhymes were irrevocably fixed; the dirge has had to wait for a death to make it relevant; the love poem has had to be antedated to give it an appropriate motive. Byron's most Byronic heroes were certainly less a portrait of him than he of them; he made them and then imitated them. Where a poet falls into the popular fallacy and takes it that the public have a right to form a theory of his life from his

writings and to expect him to be consistent to it, he is quite likely to become, with unconscious hypocrisy, a claimant to virtues which are too hard for him or "le fanfaron des vices qu'il n'a pas." In his interpreter life he knows the bitter and the sweet of love, as what poet does not; but he conceives it incumbent upon him to have an "object" and, like Don Quixote, looks for his Dulcinea. So with the other passions; he knows them, he possesses them; as a part of the interpreter life he feels them with a completeness and intensity which experience of them in himself as a study of actual life can in no way increase and could lessen: but he feels that he ought to get at them somehow in his private capacity and practise them up, like a young lady with her show pieces. The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, will not answer the purpose; he must hate Jones and scorn Robinson. He tries to do it, and he says in verse that he has done it.

Nothing is truer than that the poet sings because he must. He sings because singing is his sixth sense, and because it is so bound up with all the others that if you deprived him of it he would feel as if they too were leaving him. Yet you can reduce even the linnet's song to rule—whether the linnet is aware of a rule or no—and the rule of the poet's expression seems to be that it is not the revealing of him but of themselves to others; and to him the revealing of them and himself among them. At all events few poets are even ostensibly autobiographical; and it is hard on them to investigate them as if they were putting themselves through a process of vivisection for the public to see how they were getting on inside.

Their difficulty comes from the personal pronoun they have to use; and it is only by some reform here that they can escape misconception from the majority of non-literary readers. If instead of I they took to the editorial We for instance a man might thus write:—

> We loved, she was unworth our heart;
> We scorned her, but loved not again

without the public thinking him disrespectful to his wife from any point of view: or he might begin, "We wept alone o'er him we slew," without fear of his readers thinking him a case for the police. But then poets are so fond of saying "we" in an emphatic manner as short for the particular *she* and I, and confusion might arise. The use of a little i instead of a big I might have some effect as a sort of modest disclaimer of the writer's personality in the matter; but the printers would never stand that. Our vernacular "says he" and "says she" interspersed among the I's with a prudent frequentness would give considerable protection; but then if they were inserted in the matter of the poems they would put the metres out, and if they were relegated to footnotes or marginal arguments the very readers they were meant for would be just those who would never look at them. The indefinite "one" might be of some avail; but scarcely sufficient, because it is so frequently used as a more bashful but equally individual I that it does not convey the required distinction. On the whole the editorial pronoun, the "We" and the "Our" and the "Us," is what can most safely be recommended to poets for their future protection.

LABOURS OF LIVING.

MRS. CARNATION'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

The night is a clear night after a clear winter's day; a tent has been built out into the garden, and Mrs. Carnation's party comes off to-night. The piece is composed by the hostess herself, the performers will be led by the hostess again, and consist of humble satellites of her own choosing. For Mrs. Carnation is a woman of genius, and, what is more, she is a woman of determination, and a woman of unmitigated self-confidence. Her piece has a good deal in common with the works of sundry well-known dramatists of our own and other days; but what of that? Is not the world's experience the same for all, or may not Mrs. Carnation's assimilative genius easily have so digested the truths of B, C, and D, as to be able again to reproduce them with the mark of her own individuality? Such things have been done before, and it would be hard that the possibility of doing them again should not fall to Mrs. Carnation's lot. No one would grumble perhaps were the final effect a perfectly satisfactory one; but Mrs. Carnation, with all her study, only succeeds in fashioning a curious little piece of patchwork, and whatever is of herself therein has been quite enough to stamp the whole with an air of the weak and the commonplace. Mrs. Carnation cannot write English, can barely write common sense, and even her head can scarcely make up in profusion for that which is bald in her style, while her mind, alas! borrows, as her cheeks will do, its hue. But she is a kind woman, and can be a generous woman in all that touches neither her own dignity nor her own enjoyment. She gives pleasant parties, she knows pleasant people, at her house one may taste of many a pleasant pastime. Is it a wonder that young folks are glad when Mrs. Carnation signals them out to play the subordinate parts in her copious comedies, or that old folk, and married folk, and dull folk, make no objection to watching her through the performance?

Mr. Versatile, Mr. Stargazer, and Mr. Farcical are to play the parts of the three foremost lovers, for the piece contains many lovers to one beloved, who is Mrs. Carnation herself. They have taken a great deal of rehearsing, for it takes a great deal to please Mrs. Carnation in a rendering of her own work; but the time of performance draws nigh, and, as the author herself says, "everything must take its chance now!"

The comedy is a "comedy of intrigue," according to its writer—that is to say, it is a comedy where many love affairs centre round the heroine, and where the intrigue lies chiefly in her own desire to keep the best lover for herself, and mete out the remainder to such friends as will allow her a portion in each gallant's regard should chance misfavour her own devices. The piece has been named, and justly named, *Mary's Difficulty; or, Which Lover Shall I Choose?* for Mary would dearly love to keep them all, if she could, and does not, in fact, part with any until the last moment, when the necessity of a *finale* obliges her hastily to make them over to subordinate females. Mrs. Carnation plays Mary. Not because Mary is represented as a beautiful and fascinating young woman, and because the hostess, though of plain physiognomy, hopes to become bewitching by the aid of paint and powder, not because the wearing of fine dresses, the receiving of homage, the making of long speeches to gentle music will be exciting, but only because, in the interests of literature for which alone this entertainment has been concocted, the authoress is the only person able fitly to render words and sentiments composed by herself. "People do not think half enough of what good they can do in the world," said she suavely to Miss Brighteyes who had vainly hoped for the good part, and would in appearance at least have been able to perform it. "I know, dear, that you are not jealous of my taking Mary's *rôle*, because you are too sensible not to see that I alone could touch it. I shall lay myself open to misconstruction from some, I fear, but in the interests of art what does it matter? One must be willing to bear something in a good cause!" "I'm afraid our play won't really have any effect on the people, Mrs. Carnation," suggests a subordinate innocently. "Not have an effect! Do you suppose I should have worn myself to a shadow with the writing, and reading, and rehearsing of it; do you suppose I should have consented to take a conspicuous position—I, who am of so retiring a temperament, or have exposed myself to the charge of frivolity—I, who am of so serious a method of life, had I not *meant* that it should have an effect," asks Mrs. Carnation a trifle tartly. "Oh, *you*, dear Mr. Stargazer, know how I labour, though but humbly, in the interests of humanity. How hardly can one guess where the seed may be sown that shall bring forth good fruit, and if *my* small effort could but help to win society from mean

self-indulgence to the pursuit of knowledge, how amply should I be repaid for all my travail!" Mr. Stargazer lowers his fine eyes until they meet the lady's pallid orbs, but he utters no word. He is a handsome man, long-limbed and broad-shouldered; he is to play the part of chief lover in the comedy of intrigue, but he never wastes speech where speech is needless, and Mrs. Carnation is not, though she strives to be, the woman who, in this company, rivets the swain's coveted attentions. But this was when rehearsing was still in progress, and the evening has arrived by this time.

Breezes blow cool about the boards that surround the tent. For the sake of art Mrs. Carnation will even bestow colds upon her guests and upon her fellow-performers, for the rooms of the house in a Kensington suburb are small, and how could *Mary's Difficulties* be enacted in a narrow compass; how, without ventilation, could she be expected to choose her lover? The curtain rises on the handsome Stargazer in a supposed disconsolate attitude. Mary, with coquettish intent, has refused the offer of his hand and heart, while Versatile and Farcical, under the names of Victor and Belisarius, are for the moment in the ascendant. Stargazer, in a black velvet suit, with an ode in his mouth, looks very "killing," and it is no wonder that Mary's bosom heaves as she stands watching him from between ruby velvet *portières*, or that the *rouge* on her cheeks assumes a purple hue as it contrasts with the blood that mantles beneath and around it. Mrs. Carnation is nervous about her personal success in spite of her endeavours being only in an "abstract cause," and Mary's appearance suffers in consequence. But the remembrance of an amber velvet dress with coral and calceolarias serve somewhat to recall her self-possession, and love-making proceeds. Victor and Belsiarius are seen flirting behind the scenes with Grizel, Mary's poor cousin, and Belinda her lady companion, but that is unknown to the actress, and therefore with a smiling front she receives Stargazer's expressions of adoration through the person of Gabriel Faultless, and thinks that she has offered a covert and fitting opportunity for declarations which society forbids should be openly alluded to. A scene of passion follows; Mary's difficulties increase, for Gabriel and Victor are at duelling-heat, and an amusing old man, in the person of Mary's doting father, forbids her marriage with all or any of them. *En tête-à-tête* she is willing to marry each in succession, in public she will renounce them for the sake of filial obedience, and the most hopeful opportunities for flirtation are thus afforded, since all fear of compromise is averted by timely paternal interference. But the moment arrives when even Mary's gentle spirit is roused to rebellion, and this is when Gabriel Faultless is accused of theft and other small misdemeanours. Her upright nature can allow no human being to be falsely suspected, and after having discovered in Belisarius the real offender, she generously makes him over to Grizel for conversion, while she nobly but tearfully discards even parental authority to cleave unto her own true love for ever and aye. Victor, by some other subtle means is kindly allowed to pair off with Belinda, and both discarded lovers are by this secretly chained to their mistress's apron-strings even at the moment when she, tenderly sorrowful at the thoughts of wounding them, is yet proud to be wedding the handsomest man in the neighbourhood. No plot could be more chaste and moral, more full of sentiment and poetry, no plot could be more hopelessly stupid and confused. But occasion is afforded for several recitations to gentle music, for several songs to the twanging guitar, for several passionate utterances on bended knee; what more could heart desire? Mrs. Carnation certainly could have desired nothing else had she not unfortunately caught sight of the same "passionate utterer" making love behind the ruby curtain to Belinda, the poor companion, whose pretty face and coy charms had prudently been fitted with so mean and insignificant a part! But Mrs. Carnation fretted and laboured after all in the cause of art alone, and what cause can she have, therefore, to sigh, since humanity has had a chance of retrieving its position, and literature one more victory wherewith to swell the list of its achievements? Yet it is with but a poor courage that she receives the compliments of the company, for the handsome Stargazer, to whose affections she considerately gave so prudent a mode of expression, is still whispering in the dusk with little Belinda, and Mrs. Carnation is fain almost to rub the rouge from her cheeks, which generally takes so conveniently long a time to wash off from one theatrical time to another! Certainly it was through generosity for neither Belinda nor Grizel that Mrs. Carnation worked so bravely in the cause of literature. This one out of her many labours of living has repaid her but ill.

LITERATURE.

TROLLOPE'S SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa. By Anthony Trollope. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

This is as good an example as could be desired of frank business-like and thoroughly successful bookmaking. In his various entertaining and instructive books of travel, Mr. Trollope has never made any affectation of travelling for the mere pleasure of sight-seeing or enlarging his mind, and thereafter recording his impressions and his collected store of facts at the urgent solicitation of friends. He travels on business as much as the agent who goes abroad to take orders for manufactured goods or buy cargoes of raw material; and his business is to write books. He had already visited Australia, the United States, Canada, and written books about them, and last summer he resolved, to use his own word in the introduction to this work, to "do" South Africa. For some time it had been his intention to complete his round of the colonies by a visit to South Africa, but he did not see his way to making a book on the subject pay. There was little public interest in South Africa, and, besides, it was a rough place to travel in. At last, however, public interest set in that direction, and Mr. Trollope, stoutly defying the forebodings of friends who warned him that he was too old to "think of such a job of work," obtained a plan of campaign from Sir Henry Barkly, and took his passage for the Cape. There was no vagueness in Mr. Trollope's intentions; he had taken skilled advice as to the places he ought to see, and had sketched his route so as to make the most of the few months at his disposal; and he carried out his intentions with unflagging energy. When we apply the term "bookmaking" to such an enterprise, we should be sorry if it were construed into a disrespectful meaning. The public have every reason to be grateful to a traveller who travels and writes for their pleasure and not for his own. The result gains instead of losing in freshness from the premeditation, if the writer knows his work; and Mr. Trollope, it is unnecessary to say, is a master of his craft. There is all the difference between ordinary books of travel and one of Mr. Trollope's that there is between the work of an amateur and the work of a professional. Mr. Trollope's faculty for vivid description, his robust political sense, his frankness of comment, and entire freedom from pretence of knowing more than he does, his hearty enjoyment of life and power of communicating the sense of it to his readers, give his books of travel a value all their own. There is no work on our South African colonies which contains half as much information as Mr. Trollope's, conveyed in the same fresh and readable style. Few men could have seen so much, and accumulated so many facts, in the same number of years as the months that he devoted to the task, and fewer still, it need hardly be said, could have expressed their knowledge so agreeably. When we compare the chapters on Natal with such a work as that lately published by Mr. Brooks—by far the most complete account of that colony—we become sensible of a certain inevitable thinness and sketchiness, but the general reader will learn from Mr. Trollope as much as he cares to know. The author

himself is fully aware that a more complete treatment of the subject may be achieved by a man who devotes more time to it, but, he says, "to spend five years in studying a country, and then to come home and devote five more to writing a book about it, is altogether out of his way." His expedition to South Africa was only projected in April last, and the concluding chapter of this work was written in the Bay of Biscay, on his way home in January. We may well doubt whether any country but our own could furnish such a marvel of productive energy. Some explanation of the feat may be found in what Mr. Trollope says of his method of working. "In writing such a book," he says, "a man has for a time to fill himself exclusively with his subject—to make every thought that he has South African for the time, to give all his energy to the work in hand, to talk about it, fight about it, think about it, write about it, and dream about it."

Mr. Trollope threw his whole mind and strength into the preparation and writing of this work while he was about it; and, not content with seizing the pictorial aspects of the country and the people, and inquiring vigorously into their industries, he set himself earnestly to master the political problems which Englishmen have to solve in our South African colonies. He passes rapidly over the question, as perplexing as the Origin of Evil itself, whether we have any right to dispossess aborigines of their lands. He cannot quite reconcile himself to the plea of necessity. "What is necessity?" he asks. "A man must die. A man, generally, must work or go to the wall. But, need a man establish himself as a farmer on another man's land? The reader will understand that I do not deny the necessity;—but that I feel myself to be arrested when I hear it asserted as sufficient excuse." Between the injustice done to the native who is expelled from soil which has belonged to himself and his tribe for centuries, and the good done to the world by the occupation of the soil by owners who can turn it to better account, Mr. Trollope finds it hard to adjust the balance; and so he leaves it with a tacit admission that much may be said on both sides, and addresses himself to the practical fact that we have colonies in South Africa and do not mean to part with them unless we are compelled. Mr. Trollope is far from being one of those who hold that the native has no "rights," and should simply be compelled to labour for the white incomer, at the incomer's terms. He recognises that the great difference between our South African colonies and our colonies in America and Australia is that "South Africa is a black country and not a white one; that the important person in South Africa is the Kafir and the Zulu, the Bechuana, and the Hottentot—not the Dutchman or the Englishman." In America, Australia, and New Zealand, the native has receded before the white man; but in South Africa, he has increased and multiplied faster under settled white rule than he did before when the population was kept down by intertribal wars. Within our South African dominions there are about a quarter of a million of white men to three millions of the various aboriginal tribes. It is this that constitutes the peculiar difficulty of governing South Africa. It is more a dependency like India than a colony on the pattern of Her Majesty's possessions in other parts of the world. But it is not governed as a dependency; the largest of the colonies at the Cape has received a form of parliamentary government such as is possessed by colonists who are wholly or in an overwhelming majority of European descent. And the black man is equally admissible with the white man to the franchise if he acquires the requisite wage qualification.

While strongly averse to the policy of the "iron-rodders," as he calls them, who would like to see the white settlers free to govern themselves, but armed with power to compel the black men to work for them, Mr. Trollope doubts whether it is wise to have fixed the electoral qualification so low that the aborigines can, if they please, swamp the European electors at the hustings. He considers that the alarm of the whites at the possibility of a legislative body of Kafirs and Hottentots being returned to Capetown is justifiable. Towards the Kafir Mr. Trollope has no animosity. He thinks that justice is not done to him by the European colonists, when they complain of his thieving habits and his laziness. The thieving, he says, as far as his observation goes, has been much exaggerated, and the laziness only means that the Kafir will not work except at his own terms, and will not work six days in the week when he can support himself by the labour of three or four. Still he cannot help asking the friends of the aborigines whether they think that white men would, or could, live at the Cape under a black Government, and whether their doctrine of natural rights carries them to the extent of holding that South Africa should be abandoned to the aboriginal tribes with the certain prospect of relapsing into savagery? If this consummation is not desired, Mr. Trollope's plan would be to raise the franchise to such a point that the natives would not be in a majority in the constituencies till they had acquired the habit of accumulating property and advanced higher in the scale of civilisation. He would make no mention of colour in the Constitution; he would have the Colonial Government kept under sufficient check from home to protect the black man from any interference with his civil rights—any obligation to work for the white man's good any more than he liked; but he would not admit him to the franchise till he had made farther progress in civilised habits. This suggestion is the chief fruit of Mr. Trollope's political reflections. There is sound practical sense in the proposal. Constitutions can never be settled upon abstract principles, and there seems little doubt that in Cape Colony the representative principle has been carried farther than the circumstances justify.

Mr. Trollope has advocated confederation in the case of other Colonies, and he went out to South Africa with the hope that he might be able to support confederation there also. But he doubts whether confederation would be for the advantage of the South African Colonies, and he feels quite certain that the Permissive Confederation Bill, which was hurried through Parliament at the end of last Session and escaped discussion in the midst of the wrath excited by the Obstructionists, will prove inoperative unless the permission is helped by a little compulsion on the part of the Home Government:—

> A Confederation of States implies some identity of interests. In any coming together of Colonies under one flag, one Colony must have an ascendancy. Population will give this, and wealth,—and the position of the chosen capital. It clearly was so in Canada. In South Africa that preponderance would certainly be with the Cape Colony. I cannot conceive any capital to be possible other than Capetown. Then arises the question whether the other provinces of South Africa can improve their condition by identifying themselves with the Cape Colony. They who know Natal will I think agree with me that Natal will never consent to send ten legislators to a Congress at Capetown where they would be wholly inefficient to prevent the carrying of measures agreeable to the Constitution of the Cape Colony but averse to its own theory of Government. I have described the franchise of the Cape Colony. I am well aware the Confederation would not compel one State to adopt the same franchise as another. But Natal will never willingly put herself into the same boat with a Colony in which the negro vote may in a few years become predominant over the white. In Natal there are 320,000 coloured people to 20,000 white. She might still exclude the coloured man from her own hustings as she does now; but she will hardly allow her own poor ten members of a common Congress to be annihilated by the votes of members who may not improbably be returned by coloured persons, and who may not impossibly be coloured persons themselves.
>
> With the Transvaal the Government at home may do as it pleases. At the present moment it is altogether at the disposal of the Crown. If the Cape Colony would consent to take it the Transvaal can be annexed to-morrow without any ceremony of Confederation. The Cape Colony would in the first place probably desire to be secured from any repayment of the debts of the late Republic. This would not be Confederation, though in this way the Cape Colony, which will soon have swallowed up Griqualand West, would be enabled to walk round the Free State. But the Boers of the Transvaal would, if consulted, be as little inclined to submit themselves to the coloured political influence of the Cape as would the people of Natal. What should they do in a Parliament of which they do not understand the language? Therefore I think Confederation to be inexpedient.

JEBB'S PRIMER OF GREEK LITERATURE.

Greek Literature. By R. C. Jebb, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. London: Macmillan and Co.

Somebody has said that "a course of handbooks is the ruin of education." The remark has a great deal of truth in it; but we think that even the most devoted enemy of handbooks would allow that such a primer as this of Professor Jebb may supply a need if properly used. No sensible person would think of making this or any primer its own final cause; but if used as a "framework" (as Professor Jebb expresses it), into which the reader may fit his knowledge, or as a portable and convenient book of reference, it will have no difficulty in justifying its existence. Moreover, though all the primers in this series have been more or less good in their way, this particular one, and that on English Literature by Mr. Stopford Brooke, occupy a place by themselves. They are altogether more ambitious in aim and address a wider audience than the excellent little history primers of Mr. Fyffe or Mr. Creighton. Those were very useful little schoolbooks for the junior forms; these contain a considerable amount of original criticism, which is sometimes of first-rate value, and, in all cases, must be seriously reckoned with.

Professor Jebb divides his primer into three parts—on the Early Literature, the Attic Literature, and the Literature of the Decadence. Much of the first part is taken up with an account of Homer. The one great point, upon which all students of Homer are beginning to be agreed, namely, that the poems must have come at the end and not at the beginning of a great poetic development, is made clear. The analogy of all genuine primitive poetry shows that Homer is not primitive. At the same time, no concession is made to Mr. Paley's extravagances; and the original poem—called by Professor Jebb the "Wrath of Achilles"—which was afterwards enlarged into the 'Iliad,' is put back to 940 B.C. A common-sense view of the date of the introduction of writing, and the importance assigned to the Rhapsodes (Professor Jebb omits to refer to some passages from Plato's "Ion," which would have helped his case), make this a natural conclusion. The 'Odyssey' is decided to be by a different author and of later date than the author of the "Wrath;" while the "Wrath" itself was remodelled and enlarged by the "Commission of Pisistratus," with Onomacritus at their head. So Professor Jebb is a "separater" and to a certain extent a follower of Wolf. We do not intend to plunge into the Homeric question; but will just point out that, though the evidence as to the former point, derived from differences of ethical tone, and general treatment, as well as from style, is undoubtedly strong, it is of course wholly internal. One doubts whether evidence of a similar sort could not be made to prove that Shakespeare could not possibly have been the author of both the *Comedy of Errors* and the *Tempest*, or Wordsworth the author of both the lines on the French Revolution and the sonnets to Liberty and Order. It is also somewhat strange, on the face of it, that there should have been two Homers in the space of 100 years. Even the Greeks hardly bred genius at that rate. It is as if there had been two Dantes, or two Shakespeares. But it is with Professor Jebb's account of the "Commission" that we are most disposed to quarrel. Professor Jebb will not dispute the reality of the artistic unity which Aristotle says he found in the 'Iliad,' and which he expressly says he did not find in the Cyclic poets. Nobody, on the other hand, will deny the existence of interpolations here and there, extending perhaps in one case to an entire book. Are we, then, to suppose that we owe this artistic unity to the "Commission of Pisistratus"? Truly a wonderful Commission it must have been, and very unlike Commissions, literary or other, as they are nowadays. Professor Jebb should communicate to us his recipe for getting one Homer by adding together a dozen such as Onomacritus. On the same principle, we ought to be able to add together a dozen Boswells and get a Johnson. Apart, however, from points on which difference of opinion is possible, the sketch of the Homeric poems will be found in many ways useful and interesting, while the account of Hesiod which follows is one of the best things in the book. Nothing can exceed the freshness and sharpness of touch with which what might so very easily have been a dull subject is made to take life and interest. The poet is decidedly put about 100 years after Homer, a point worth notice, as Mr. Mahaffy, in his 'Social Life in Greece,' has assumed the contrary, and then proceeded to paint in his picture of the Homeric age with the darker colours derived from the repinings of the Bœotian farmer. We quote the following as an almost perfect picture of the life which Hesiod knew:—

> The life out of which Hesiod's poetry sprang was very different from that of Ionia. The daily routine of dwellers in Bœotia was that of a quiet, inland farming life; it was not varied by brisk commerce or seafaring adventure, by the bustle of an Ionian harbour when a ship came in from Sidon or the Nile, by the visits of men wearing a strange garb and speaking in broken Greek of the marvels of strange lands, or listening while, amid an eager crowd, some Ionian minstrel chanted in the market-place a lay of the great war in which Achilles and Hector fought. The farmer in the old country led a life much less stirring to the imagination. How could he best use the winter and spring, so as to earn his rest in summer when artichokes ripen and the cicala sings, when fat kids and temperate cups refresh the sun-scorched toiler? When should he begin to reap his corn? How should the axle-tree of a waggon be made, and what is the best wood for a plough-tail or a pole? How are the cattle to be kept fit for work? What is the best way of drying grapes? And last, not least, what are the lucky or unlucky days of the month for doing all these things? These were the questions in Bœotia.

The whole account of the Hesiodic poems is most entertaining, and it is perhaps by way of contrast to it that parts of the next chapter on Elegiac, Iambic, and Lyric poetry seem to drag a little heavily. Yet the introductory remarks on the first two forms of poetry are good, and raise our expectations. "We have seen how *reflection* has been gradually coming into poetry. The 'Iliad' has little of it; the 'Odyssey' more; 'Hesiod' much more. And now about 700 B.C., in this dawn of large promise, the poet comes forward with his first distinct attempt to interest other people in his own thoughts and feelings. The expression took two forms, created almost at the same time—those of Elegiac and Iambic poetry." It must be confessed, in spite of that introduction, that there is a lack of interest in the first part of the chapter, which is not altogether the fault of Tyrtæus and Theognis. But when we come to the Lyric poets, the case is different. The account of Alcaeus is all that could be wished, that of Pindar is one of the best things in the book, and what could be better than this of Sappho? "No Greek woman of the Ionian race is known to have excelled in poetry; and no Æolian or Dorian woman, except Sappho, is known to have made poetry the personal expression of an intense life. She was helped to do this—not only by the glow of the Æolian blood that fired her genius, but also by the large and rich life with which Æolian society surrounded women of the higher rank. This is what gives their unique interest to the few fragments that remain of her work, fragments of incomparable melody, with a clear flame burning through the musical words."

We only doubt whether even this is quite enough to make English readers, ignorant of Greek, realise the extraordinarily high place that must be given to Sappho's work. We have only small fragments of it, it is true, as we have only fragments of the work of Phidias. Yet what Professor Jowett says of the latter, "We find in a few broken stones the standard of truth and beauty," may be applied *mutatis mutandis* to the fragments of Sappho. Mr. Jebb might have quoted, for the benefit of purely English readers, Ben Jonson's translation of ἧρος ἄγγελος ἰμερόφωνος ἀήδων; or Dante Rossetti's combination of the lines on the apple and the wild hyacinth; or he might have given the literal prose rendering of those two lines to Hesperus, so perfect in their simple beauty—"Oh, evening star, thou bringest all things home again, which the bright morning had scattered abroad, the sheep and goats each to their shelter, the child to its mother's breast."

The Second Part is divided into three chapters, of which the first contains an account of the drama, the

second of the historians, and the third of the orators and philosophers. The account of the gradual transition from the rustic feast of Dionysus to the finished form of Greek tragedy is admirably done, and the place of Thespis and of Phrynichus in that development clearly marked. But it is when we come to Æschylus that our author's strength is really tested. So difficult is it to say something new of the three great dramatists, and not only that, but even to say what will be felt by all to be true; so much has been written on the Greek drama and on its fundamental ideas, and so little that conveys a genuine first-hand impression of original value. Professor Jebb, at all events, will not give his sanction to the nonsense that has been talked since Schlegel's time about a blind overruling destiny, a remorseless Até, being the fundamental idea of Greek tragedy, as compared with the modern. Conington, whose critical work was always so good and genuine, rebelled against Schlegel in the preface to his edition of 'Agamemnon,' and Professor Jebb, in the main, endorses Conington's remarks. He makes it clear that the ground-idea of Æschylus is not destiny, but retribution; and that even an inherited curse does not wreak itself till the inheritor has been himself a criminal. Æschylus' view of life is, in fact, the view of Eliphaz the Temanite, in the Book of Job, and its weak point is what is the weak point there—namely, that *all* misfortune is regarded as the consequence of guilt, and therefore deserved. Æschylus has been often called Hebraic, and he is nowhere more so than in this essentially Hebraic view of life. As regards the purely literary characteristics of Æschylus, the ground has been so often worked over, that it is perhaps hardly possible to say anything fresh; but we wish we had space to quote an exceedingly vivid description of a representation of the Eumenides, as it might have been seen in the Theatre of Dionysus. The account of Sophocles which follows does not equally satisfy the reader. The sketch of his life and personality is just what it should be, and gives the impression of that sunny serenity of temper and intellect which makes Sophocles the typical Greek. And nothing could be better than the way in which it is shown that it is just because Sophocles is so typically Greek that he is less popular than the Hebraic Æschylus and the romantic Euripides. But when Professor Jebb attempts to give us the formula of Sophocles' teaching as he has given us the formula of that of Æschylus, we think he fails, as anyone must fail. It is possible to formulate Æschylus' teaching, just because it is one-sided; but it is not possible with Shakespeare, nor with Sophocles, who

> Saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

That line, in fact, is the nearest approach to a formula we can get for him. Professor Jebb's remarks are really derived from only one play, the *Antigone*, and have no obvious reference to several of the rest. The fact is that the poet who could be now optimist, now pessimist, at one time make unhappiness the result of folly or crime, and at another time make it uncaused by any fault of the sufferer, refuses to be described to any purpose in a few lines. One thing, however, is clear, that, in discarding the Hebraic notion of retribution, he has at all events made a great advance upon Æschylus. If we are not completely satisfied with the account of Sophocles, still less are we with that of Euripides. Professor Jebb hardly does justice to the great teacher who—

> Five hundred years ere Paul spoke, Felix heard—

grasped fully the idea of duty, and preached a spiritual religion. Some excellent things are said of the romantic element which appears in Euripides, for instance in such a play as the *Bacchæ*. But in the whole account there is a want of the cordial praise, which in many respects Euripides certainly deserves; and we turn for a truer though warmer tribute to Mr. Browning's magnificent panegyric in the 'Ring and the Book.' The other side of the picture, which Mr. Browning does not give us—namely, Euripides' inferiority to Sophocles as an artist, is well brought out by Professor Jebb. In the accounts of the historians and orators which follow, the reader will find some interesting matter. The description of Xenophon's 'Anabasis' as "the most fascinating book in the world," will be noticed with interest; and the whole account of Xenophon is good and original. When he comes to the orators, Professor Jebb is in one of his own special fields, and his account of the predecessors of Demosthenes is full of happy touches. It is when we leave the orators for the philosophers that we come to a point where many will be inclined to take for granted that Professor Jebb is not so completely at home as with the purely literary writers. But in the accounts of Plato and Aristotle there is really no falling off discernible. Both are written with extreme care, and, though necessarily brief, are full of matter. The main points, such as the suggestiveness of Plato—teaching as he does methods rather than results—and the encyclopædic character of the work of Aristotle, are made abundantly clear. Perhaps the ordinary sixth form boy will not make much of what he is told of the Theory of Ideas; but that is an objection to any treatment of the subject on so small a scale—an objection, indeed, which is possibly not without force. Still, the main thing is that the subject should be treated in such a way as to make the English reader who does not know Greek eager to turn to his Jowett's 'Plato,' with some definite notion of what he is to look for there; and that object is, we think, secured. It is with regard to the minor philosophers—Epicurus, for instance, and the Stoics—that some just cause for dissatisfaction may be found. The account of Epicurus, for instance—"Epicurus taught . . . that man should seek the enjoyment of the hour, undisturbed by fear of gods who regard him not, or of that 'death' which is merely the resolution of the body into such atoms as compose the universe"—is quite inadequate, and ought to be wholly excised or rewritten. Supposing the reader who knew nothing about Epicurus except what Professor Jebb told him, were ever to come across the famous paradox of that philosopher—κἂν στρεβλώθῃ ὁ σόφος εἶναι εὐδαίμονα—he would find it difficult to reconcile the paradox with the criticism. The powerful though sceptical intellect of Epicurus certainly deserved a more careful estimation than it has here received, and we are sorry that Professor Jebb has lent his authority to the support of a vulgar prejudice.

The account given of Epicurus's teaching by a sworn opponent like Seneca, is a very different one. The fact is that Epicurus was an Epicurean in the bad sense, about as much as Shelley was an Atheist in the bad sense. In the account of Stoicism, again, is not a wrong point made when it is said that "in its best Roman representatives it never wholly lost the gentleness of its earlier Greek home"? Surely the fact is, as Dr. Lightfoot has maintained, that Stoicism first becomes gentle in its Roman representatives, or at all events in its later representatives. We know very little about the founders of Stoicism, but certainly gentleness does not seem to have been one of their characteristics. The definition of Nature, too, that central idea of Stoicism, as the "divine reason in which we participate," fails, we think, to convey the dominant and most philosophical idea which the best of the Stoics connected with that treacherous word. In the case of Marcus Aurelius, at all events, Aristotle's dictum—"Man is by nature a social animal"—seems to be perpetually in his mind, and to live according to Nature really means, with him, to live for the best interests of society. "We are made for co-operation—like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to Nature." "Now, the good for the reasonable animal is society." "The prime principle in man's constitution is the social." Such are some of the passages that might be quoted from Marcus Aurelius.

The Third Part is divided into two chapters—from Alexander to Augustus, and from Augustus to Justinian. The main difficulty in so brief an account of this crowd of writers must have been one of arrangement. It is by

no means easy, on the one hand, to keep the reader's attention amid such a maze; on the other hand, to prevent his feeling something of an anti-climax. But Professor Jebb is a man of method; and by a careful grouping of the writers according to their subjects, the main lines of the literary history of these periods, so far as they have any main lines at all, are made clear. The chief distinction with which he starts—that the literature we are now dealing with is "Hellenistic," not "Hellenic," that is, written by and for Greeks in spirit, rather than Greeks in blood—is well put; but it might have been more clearly emphasized than it is from how widely different parts of the world the chief writers now come—Lucian, for instance, from Samosata, Aratus from Soli, Strabo from Spain. The still greater difficulty of maintaining interest and making the reader feel that he is reading what he can connect with the history of the world, and put into its definite place in the history of thought, is met by emphasizing the way in which Greek literature first binds itself to the service of Rome, and afterwards to the service of Christianity. As the Greek mind plunges definitely into one or other of these strange seas, it loses its own individuality, it is true, but connects itself with all the best that is to come. So there is a kind of dramatic interest in watching the spectacle of this gradual absorption; and this interest Professor Jebb has skilfully maintained. We will only add that the book closes with an interesting sketch of what small results the Greek mind achieved in the course of the Middle Ages. Professor Jebb is to be congratulated on what is in most respects a very successful accomplishment of a difficult task.

AMERICAN POETS.

Poetry of America. Selections from One Hundred American Poets, from 1776 to 1876. By W. J. Linton. London: G. Bell.

Mr. Linton has evidently given a great deal of time and thought to the production of this volume, and the result is excellent. For the first time the English public has an opportunity of wiping away the reproach that Americans are so fond of hurling at us, that we know nothing of their poets. Mr. Linton gives, first, an introductory essay on the Colonial poetry, or verse, up to the Declaration of Independence. Then he ceases from criticism, and gives selections only, from 100 writers who flourished during the century ending 1876. He arranges them as far as possible in chronological order, and he gives the dates of their birth and death. He closes with some brief but valuable notes, and an appendix to which we shall presently return. His principle has been to select only the best, and as a poet himself, and an experienced man of culture, we may be sure he has done his work well. It is plain that by his volume we may gauge very accurately the attainments and the quality of the American poets. Passing over the Colonial period, the first writer included in the body of the book is Philip Freneau; the last is a contemporary of our youngest living poets. Here, then, is certainly the chance for which the Massachusetts writers are always craving, and of which one of the most clear-sighted and critical of them all was thinking when he expressed his "belief that an anthology could be culled from the miscellaneous poetry of the United States *equally lasting and attractive with any selected from that of Great Britain.*" The same writer has acknowledged that in sustained composition we have a power that the Americans still lack, but it is in lyrics, in "miscellaneous poetry," that he challenges us. Let us consider what this challenge amounts to. Without taking up the glove thus recklessly thrown down, and comparing Mr. Linton's selection with the 'Golden Treasury' or with any anthology, let us merely compare it with what could be culled from English literature during precisely the same period. Mr. Linton begins, as we have said, with Freneau, who was born in 1752; Chatterton also was born in that year, and we begin with him. Burns follows, then Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Campbell, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, the Brownings, Swinburne. It would hardly be possible to point out among the poets of any country or any age a galaxy of names more brilliant and more diversified. The American selection ought to be very good indeed to rival this. As a point of fact, the best poems of the worst poet of this English list would so shine out among the American pieces as to put them all into the shade, except those of Edgar Poe.

Indeed, there can be no more cruel and unjust test of American poetry than this which Americans are always so eager to claim. By the side of English lyrics of the best order, these artless pieces look like glass among precious stones. They are to be fairly judged only by comparison with one another. The art of poetry has not been neglected in America, any more than it has in Germany since Heine, but it would be as just to measure German poetry of our age with French as American with English. Germany and America, on the contrary, may well be compared with one another. Lowell is the Bodenstedt, Bryant the Moser, Longfellow the Hamerling of the American Parnassus. The parallel will be found to be closer still when we descend from these eminent names to the minor poets of each country. We do not depreciate the exquisite art, the tender grace and originality of Moser or of Bryant because we absolutely refuse to set their modest acquirements by the side of the transcendent genius of Shelley. But this is what the Americans wish us to do. They will have none of our admiration unless we throne Whittier by the side of Wordsworth, and Celia Thaxter, an excellent camp-follower of Jean Ingelow, by the side of Elizabeth Browning. And, moreover, with a singular perversity, they will not allow the genius of the two men who have really created their poetry—Poe and Whitman.

Mr. Linton has perused the writings of no less, it would appear, than 250 American poets, but of these he has ventured to omit 150. Of his remaining 100 it is really impossible on the most indulgent canons of critical taste to admit, as poets, more than twenty-five. After considerable thought, we have arrived at the conclusion that not more than a quarter of the century could by any possibility be admitted into a handbook of literature compiled on any just basis of taste. Of these twenty-five there are two classes; the first contains those poets of whose genius there can be no doubt, who have raised themselves by sheer talent a head and shoulders higher than the people. Of these we admit nine—Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Poe, Lowell, Whitman, and Aldrich. Of the remaining sixteen, four claim a place entirely on account of their humorous and fantastic pieces; these are Bret Harte, Saxe, Leland, and Hay. Two more, Thoreau and Story, have made the practice of verse incidental to very different life-studies. Of the ten remaining, two belong to the beginning of the century—Dana and Halleck. There are two poetesses, Celia Thaxter and Alice Cary. The six last names are Boker, Miller, Read, Stedman, Stoddard, and Bayard Taylor. Perhaps the one of all these names least known in Europe is that of George H. Boker, the best sonnetteer that America has produced, and a very scholarly writer. The rest are all tolerably familiar. Now, among all these, Mr. Linton inclines to give the crown to James Russell Lowell, author of the 'Biglow Papers,' and of various serious poems of sentiment. We confess that this would shock us very considerably if we did not happen to be aware that the same is the universal opinion in the Massachusetts coterie. When England mentions Shelley or Coleridge, America proudly waves back the name of Lowell. We should like to remind Mr. Linton of what a great writer, a prophet of their own, has said to the Americans about Lowell:—"In imagination he surpasses any of our writers with the exception of Longfellow, and perhaps one other. His ear for rhythm, nevertheless, is imperfect, and he is very far from possessing the artistic ability of either Longfellow, Bryant, Halleck, Sprague, or Pierpont." The reader will smile to recognise in the "one other," Poe himself, who wrote the article, but that will not blind him to the truth of the criticism.

Even then, Lowell was recognised by the most acute critic of his own country to be inferior to Longfellow in imagination, and to have an execrable ear for verse. We have no hesitation in asserting that nothing but the narrow egotism of a clique preserves Mr. Lowell's exaggerated position as a writer of prose or verse, and that when that clique passes away, as pass it must, the idol will be shattered, or at least will take a much humbler place among the household gods. We consider Lowell by far the least original and least immortal name among the nine chief poets of America. But as long as Americans continue deaf to the melodies of Poe, blind to the delicate art of Bryant, and unstirred by the mystery and elevation of Emerson, they must expect to be gulled by false sentiment, and tricked by broken measures and inharmonious colour.

Mr. Linton seems to object to the sonnet, which is conspicuous by its entire absence. This is very unfortunate, for not only is it an injustice to Boker, but to Longfellow, Aldrich, and others who have excelled in this form. In the arrangement of his poetesses he has shown some eccentricity. The female poets of America here represented are not a very inspired or inspiring body. Mrs. Webster would tower among them like a colossus, and Miss Rossetti be mistaken for one of the Muses. But they are extremely numerous, and Mr. Linton has had the invidious task of selecting among no less than ninety-four candidates. He has admitted seventeen, of which a less indulgent critic might possibly admit two. But he has omitted Frances Sargent Osgood and Helen Whitman, who, if only for their place in the history of literature, deserve honourable mention. Mrs. Osgood, in particular, is really worthy of notice as one of the few American women who have written verse which has a music of its own, and does not imitate a stronger voice, as poor Mrs. Lydia Sigourney imitated Mrs. Hemans.

We have referred to the appendix of this volume. It is very interesting, and we could have wished it longer. In it Mr. Linton discusses that curious product of an imperfect civilisation—the hymns and songs of the negroes. The poetry of America is almost exclusively Northern; a few writers have come from the central State, Virginia, but from the South, properly so called, scarcely one. Hence the editor ingeniously suggests that we should fill up the gap with nigger chants. This is not very complimentary, perhaps, to Massachusetts, but let that pass. Unfortunately, Mr. Linton does not supply any information as to the inventors or composers of these songs, which would have been interesting. Their value may easily, however, be overrated. Heard under mysterious circumstances, among the startling noises of a tropical night, or in the dusk of the forest, these melancholy refrains have a charm which they do not owe to their poetical merit. The hymns of the negroes are surely, as a rule, startling merely because of their monstrous but unconscious profanity, and their extreme realism and impotence of imagination. The secular pieces are a little better; the best Mr. Linton quotes is the following piece of absurdity, which is not without a certain *élan*:—

> As I walk'd down the new-cut road,
> I met the tap and then the toad;
> The toad commenced to whistle and sing,
> And the 'possum cut the pigeon-wing.
> Along come an old man riding by;
> Old man, if you don't mind your horse will die.
> If he dies I'll tan his skin;
> And if he lives I'll ride him agin.

The volume is very carefully edited, and we have been able to discover but very few, and these trifling, errors. In another edition, it should be noted that Washington Allston was born in 1779, not in 1799. The bibliography of Bryant requires revision; "Thanatopsis" was published in 1816, not in 1821, which latter was the date of the first appearance of "The Age." Richard Henry Dana the elder is happily still alive, or was late last December, when he celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He is the Nestor of Anglo-Saxon literature, a poet born before Byron and still alive and hearty. Mr. Linton's plan closes with 1876, and it would therefore have been impossible for him to include Mr. Edgar Fawcett or Mrs. Moulton, two writers who promise to be an ornament to the literature of their country; but the same reason will not excuse the omission of such admirable pieces as are to be found in Mr. G. P. Lathrop's 'Rose and Roof-Tree,' and Mr. Gilder's 'New Day.' The latter is the only American volume which has come under our notice in which the influence of Mr. Rossetti is strongly marked.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

Guilty or Not Guilty? A Tale. By Major-General W. G. Hamley, late of the Royal Engineers. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

Another admirable novel in one volume from the publishers of 'Marmorne.' Messrs. Blackwood and Sons can hardly get the credit of "inaugurating a new era" if they succeed in making this form of publication fashionable; but they will deserve, and may depend upon receiving, the credit of confirming a growing taste, and supplying an increasingly felt want. Both this novel and 'Marmorne' contain materials which a practised craftsman or craftswoman could easily have spun into three volumes, and there is no reason in the conditions of the book-market why such "skilly" should not be concocted so long as there are palates to which it is agreeable; but there are readers who hunger for a more solid and a more artfully-prepared food, and it is to be hoped that they are sufficiently numerous to deserve consideration from the publishers. 'Guilty or Not Guilty' is a story of a more nakedly sensational type than 'Marmorne;' a crime, with its causes and consequences, is traced with a bolder hand and in less picturesque surroundings; but General Hamley is also entitled to the gratitude of weak nerves for the reserve with which he handles thrilling incidents, the moderation that he shows in suggesting rather than elaborating passages of agony. He is a less picturesque writer than the author of 'Marmorne,' but for this he makes up by other good qualities—a robust sense of humour, and a remarkable skill in the delineation of complicated mixtures of good and evil in character. The skill with which General Hamley's principal characters are drawn shows him to have been a close student of the authoress of 'Silas Marner,' and his work is no discredit to the school in which he has trained himself. This thoughtful and ingenious analysis of life-like characters which underlies the story, and is made to increase rather than impede its interest, is a healthy sign at a time when so many popular novelists depend for their attraction upon improbable characters flimsily sketched or coarsely daubed, and the elaborate detail of prurient and revolting incidents.

The question raised by the title of the tale is not one of circumstantial evidence, but of moral judgment. No secret is made of the fact that the man who is hanged for committing murder did not strike the fatal blow. In the eye of the law he was perfectly innocent, having not the least complicity with the actual murderer. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against him, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box; but one circumstance, the confession of the real murderer, was not forthcoming at the trial, and came an hour too late for a reversal of the sentence. Still, if he did not commit the crime for which he suffered, he committed other misdeeds which were directly instrumental in leading to the crime—misdeeds so disgraceful, and bearing so directly on the crime, that the author cannot be accused of morbid and unsafe casuistry when he raises the question whether justice was not satisfied by his death. As the tale is constructed, the same question is equally natural with regard to the real legal criminal; and as General Hamley does not say what was done to him after his confession, we may presume that this is the main question which he leaves for his readers. "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances," would probably be the verdict most in accordance with the summing-up of the Judge.

Apparently General Hamley leans to the conclusion

that the crime was as much a misfortune as a fault on the part of the actual murderer, and that it was a lucky accident which brought the legally guiltless man to justice; but he holds the balance so evenly between the good and the evil in the two characters, that it would have puzzled a mediæval *ductor dubitantium* to reconcile our conflicting sympathies. In the account of their early schooldays—in which General Hamley describes and illustrates, with delicate ingenuity, the characteristics which led the two by different paths to crime—our sympathies go almost entirely with the boy who was father to the violent outrage. The following is General Hamley's picture of his two hero-villains at school; it will serve as a specimen of his plain, humorous, forcible manner of writing:—

Ned Roberts happened to be nobody's son—at least nobody seemed to claim him—and it would be of no possible assistance to this tale if an attempt were made to ascertain his parentage. He came to Gritvale a boy ten or eleven years old, was boarded with a respectable old lady there, and sent to the grammar school. Mr. Brief the attorney (father of Mr. Brief who is now the solicitor there) used to pay for his board and for his schooling. It may have been because Ned Roberts was born "lord of his presence and no land beside" that he did not inherit a foolish face. His countenance was open, handsome, and prepossessing, and it obtained for him not a little notice, to his great consolation; for Ned had found out betimes how little he was likely to owe to blood or forefathers, and that any pudding which might come his way in this world would be attracted by his personal qualities. Many a man, we all know, has made his way to fame from a position like Ned Roberts's; early self-dependence, a knowledge that he has nothing to lose, and the sight of the world's prizes, leading frequently to daring effort. But Ned Roberts, though he realised his position, did not at all understand how to make the best of it. Such a fellow as Pistol could say, "the world's mine oyster," and perhaps Ned Roberts said to himself the same thing without having a much higher idea than Pistol's of how it was to be opened. He felt that, as he had to work against odds, he need not be very scrupulous as to the means to be used; and unfortunately he learned very early, from the pleasant effects produced by his handsome face, the power of a good exterior. Character, thought he, has an exterior as well as person. He received little compliments and attentions from people who casually admired him; but on the boys at school his good looks made small or no impression. Acts of generosity, sacrifice, patience, mercy, if they could be done cheap, would be much more effectual; and as Ned had plenty of strength and courage, it was the more easy for him to practise these. He did not set up for a fine character at all, had no fine sentiments and no fine scruples; was no better than his neighbours, and by his own account was worse rather than better. For all this he managed to cut in cleverly in an affair now and then—taking the part of the weak or wronged, screening a culprit at some apparent risk to himself, forgiving an adversary who had by general suffrage deserved his vengeance. It never could be predicated how Roberts would act in a particular case; but he appeared to advantage sufficiently often to gain a good reputation, and this, notwithstanding that he outwitted himself once or twice. After a while Ned became a great success. He led those of his own age, was noticed by the big boys, and came to be generally regarded as the future chief of the school. Neither did he do badly with the masters. He was not industrious, and did not wish by the boys to be thought industrious; but he found out all the teachers' crotchets and fancies, and to questions which did not seek for real knowledge gave remarkably discreet and satisfactory answers. His parsing, his preference of a form of construction, his appreciation of the men of old, differed according to the desk at which he might happen to be standing. So he got along very well with the authorities. The head-master, perhaps, who was a very sagacious man, saw through him; but even he could not but be pleased and flattered at having his rules and wishes so well attended to; and what with pity for Ned's unfriended estate, and admiration of him as a handsome, spirited lad, the master was, on the whole, very favourably disposed to him.

There was another person besides the head-master who saw some way into Ned Roberts's mind, and who certainly was not favourably disposed to him. That person was George Bateman. Partly from mortification at not succeeding himself, partly from rivalry (perhaps envy would be the proper word), partly from indignation at seeing the boys so easily deceived, as he thought they were, George had formed a very bad opinion indeed of Ned, and did not scruple to let his opinion be known—the publishing of which hurt Ned Roberts not the least, and damaged George considerably. There was a good deal of sincerity about George, and that kept him tolerated in the school spite of a very bad temper and morose habits. George really worked with a will and gave up enjoyment readily for the sake of lessons; but he worked in a fashion of his own, running after objects which *he* chose to think worthy, without caring much what anyone else might think of them. Moreover, he took no pains to be agreeable; on the contrary, he would stand and argue with the masters themselves when he thought himself in the right. Of course he was mortified when, after his pains and his self-denial, he made no great way in his studies, and doubly disgusted when he saw Ned Roberts easily making capital in school and out of school. Some natures seem to understand and to accept the inequalities and perversities of the world from their cradles; others appear quite ignorant of them, and are inexpressibly shocked when accident may chance to bring home to them society's injustice and caprice. George, when he perceived the state of things, did not obtain any general idea of the way of the world, but only thought he saw a mistake which might be set right by argument and demonstration. "Don't be jealous, George;" "None of your backbiting, Bateman;" "Roberts is a devilish deal better fellow than you;" were the remarks he generally got if he attempted to expose any of Ned's policy.

The unscrupulous element in the character of the youthful Machiavelli leads him to become the associate of swindlers, and to take an unmanly advantage of the love of an honest girl; but he developes a certain gaiety of recklessness which tends to produce a reaction against his suffering the extreme penalty of the law for a crime of which he was technically innocent. On the other hand, George Bateman's morose dislike to the success of people whom he considers humbugs takes a savage, undiscriminating turn which somewhat alienates our admiration for his dogged honesty. How Bateman's surliness and selfishness grow upon him and culminate in the murder of a most inoffensive and worthy man—his uncle—and how Ned Roberts, in the pursuit of his base ends, furnishes the opportunity for the crime and takes upon himself a load of criminating circumstances, it would not be fair to General Hamley to tell. The moral analyst, the criminal pathologist, as well as that more numerous class of persons who simply like a good story, will find 'Guilty or Not Guilty' worth their attention.

STORIES OF GERMAN HISTORY.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of German History. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co. 1878.

Aunt Charlotte has made a mistake in calling her stories, stories for the little ones. We doubt whether any "little ones," unless of preternaturally precocious understanding, could make head or tail of the elaborate stories here related. We feel sure that, if they could do so, their digestions would be permanently impaired. No doubt Aunt Charlotte has done her best, and it is not her fault if German history is involved, but we would strongly advise careful mothers not to put the book into the hands of any "little one" under twelve years of age. Even those who are supposed to have reached an age when reason is tolerably matured might fairly be somewhat puzzled by Aunt Charlotte's manner of inculcating facts about the German Empire. Her excuse is, of course, great in the fact that, as she states in her preface, "the number of States, each with a separate history, makes it difficult to trace the line clearly;" but we cannot help thinking that, with a little more clearness in the author's own mind, something of a better outline might have been sketched—something simpler and more graphic set down for the instruction of a young mind. History is an interesting thing, and might, we fancy, be made almost a thrilling thing to a child's romantic imagination if it omitted as many facts and dates and names as possible, and busied itself merely with the rendering of one consistent impression of each succeeding time and influence. As long as history is one of a child's "lessons," the child will learn little about it, because it will regard with aversion places and persons that have formed no picture of beauty in the mind. But we are bold enough to fancy that history might be told, as the old Sagas were told, with something of enthusiasm and poetry, with something of artistic form and treatment, and not with a regard for veracity and detail which is to the detriment of every other fair quality. Surely it is no lie judiciously to select the most notable out of many facts, and to leave unmentioned minor though equally certain ones, if by this means we end by producing a really more truthful effect, because a more living one? The only lie would be, we think, to fancifully colour, for the mere sake of fictitious beauty, a picture that we give to the world as proven fact and the result of research. Aunt Charlotte has been very careful, no doubt, to set down nothing which is not, as far as possible, authentic, but we feel

sure that she does the child-mind an injustice when she deems it incapable of appreciating good style, good English, not to say good sense. Even the lovely old stories of the Niebelungen, of which Miss Yonge introduces a few, lose half their exciting beauty when told in a disconnected and faint-hearted manner, and we could scarcely blame any "little one" for retaining but a vague picture of Charles V., of Frederick the Great, or even of Martin Luther, whose picturesque figure could so easily have been made the centre of a really pretty children's story.

Miss Yonge seems to think that to talk as children talk themselves will be to talk as children will best understand. But Miss Yonge is wrong, for a mind that is itself untutored requires the form of its teaching to be stronger than itself could make, and no memory will ever be fettered by matter that is faltering and told without conviction or interest. As an example of Miss Yonge's English, we may cite the following phrases:—"Things grew worse when Heinrich III. died in the flower of his age in 1054, leaving a little son Heinrich IV. of five years old under the charge of his mother, a good woman, but not strong enough to keep the great dukes in order, and she tried to bribe her enemies by giving them lands which only made them more able to do her mischief." Or again: "His wife was Eleanor of Portugal, a beautiful lady, who met him at Siena, and was married to him at Rome by the Pope himself, after which he knighted his young cousin, Lazzla, king by right of Bohemia and Hungary." And as graphically to describe part of the Palatinate War of 1697, and give the impression of a season of grave disorder and confusion: "But the peace of Ryswick was only a resting-time before another war which everyone saw coming since Carlos II., King of Spain, was a sickly man without children, whose death was constantly expected, and what was to become of his kingdom?" The facts may be strictly correct, and Aunt Charlotte's account of the quarrels a really impartial one, but we should scarcely like to punish a child for inattention to the reading of such a style as this! Miss Yonge proceeds to tell the little ones what did become of Carlos II.'s kingdom, but hardly in a more impressive fashion:—"Leopold's second wife, Eleonore of Neuberg, one of the best and most devout women in Europe, had given him two sons, Joseph and Karl, and he declared that, all rights of the French queen having been renounced, he was the next heir through his mother, and that he would make over his claim to his second son, Karl; and, to make sure of the support of the German Powers, he offered to make the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony kings. Friederich of Brandenburg, who was a weak man, fond of show and finery, was delighted. He chose to be called King of Prussia, and went to great expense for his coronation, but his wife was a very clever woman, who used to study with the philosopher Liebnitz, and was heartily weary of all this pomp and show." After some more of this, Carlos II. leaves his kingdom by will to Philip of Anjou, and Prince Eugene is described as "a lean little man, a strange figure in his blue coat, brass buttons, and enormous cocked hat, but he was greatly respected for his uprightness, bravery, and skill." We think that Miss Yonge may have been led into some wordiness and confusion of style by her careful researches into German history, which may perhaps have saturated her mind, as it were, with the Teutonic form of construction, but we defy any luckless little one to disentangle these various "he's" and "she's" from one another, and to attach to them quickly either their own verbs or their own individuality. The latter part of the book is on the whole the best written. Though the great French Revolution and Francis II.'s connexion with it are but mildly described as regards any pictorial effect, the facts are better stated, and the concatenation of events more clearly shown. But even here Miss Yonge is scarcely careful as to polish of style; and the dates, 1806, 1815, 1835, 1848, 1870, and 1877, come near enough to the present for us to be severely critical upon any bias with which events are represented, had we time or space minutely to enter into the subject. On the whole, we can say, however, that Miss Yonge is free from bias in the political parts of her book, although it is easy to see with which nationality her sympathies are most warmly concerned, when she says that Philip of Spain "was a thorough Spaniard, grave, cold, and gloomy, while Maximilian was a bright, kindly, gracious German!" We wonder whether Miss Yonge has brought her admiration of the Germans down to the present date, and whether she extends it to the whole nation?

The youthful mind is not, we presume, considered worthy of any high efforts towards beauty. The woodcuts are, of course, artistically beneath criticism.

THE AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Fifteen Thousand Miles on the Amazon and its Tributaries. By C. Barrington Brown and W. Lidstone. London: E. Stanford.

The Amazonian river system affords a remarkable instance how much more rapidly, in primitive countries, the appliances of civilisation have developed than civilisation itself. Such an expedition as, by the aid of steam, Messrs. Brown and Lidstone have performed within two years, would have occupied the lifetime of Mawe or Tschudi, the Amazonian explorers of forty years ago. But while this vast and opulent region has thus been thrown open for the entry of civilisation, civilisation has hitherto declined to avail herself of the privilege. The triumph of mechanical inventiveness, laden, it may be, with a freight of botanists and geologists, speeds and snorts between virgin forests, or forests profaned only for fuel, along still expanses or sequestered creeks hardly furrowed by a canoe, with banks more prolific in monkeys than men, and where men remain almost unaffected by the discoveries that have wrought such vast changes in more advanced societies. The unfitness of the country for European colonisation, and the absence of the stimulus of mineral wealth, will probably long retain the Amazon valley in its present condition, or it may not improbably become the pleasure-ground of wealthy Europeans desirous of beholding tropical scenery with a minimum of risk or discomfort.

The ease with which this object may now be achieved is apparent from Messrs. Brown and Lidstone's travels. These gentlemen explored the Amazon and its tributaries in the service of the Amazon Steamship Company, the first as geologist, the second as engineer. This official position undoubtedly secured them exceptional advantages, but not greater than could be readily secured for every traveller, if the number justified the necessary organisation and expenditure. In the *Beija Flor*, a small but comfortable steamer of light draught, they explored most of the Amazon's tributaries, with few more serious impediments than those arising from wasps, musquitoes, snags in the river beds, and the dampness of the wood used as fuel. Savage Indians were heard of but not seen. The scientific results of the expedition seem to have been principally geological. They will not strike the average reader as particularly important; but neither are they put forward as such, and generally speaking there is a taking simplicity and a refreshing absence of pretension about the entire narrative. It would have been well if the writers' two years' residence had enabled them to master Portuguese orthography, which is rarely attempted without a blunder; and we can hardly help thinking that the agricultural and commercial capabilities of the country might have received fuller illustration. Of natural history, apart from generally amusing anecdote, there is so little that we must suppose the notes of the naturalist to the expedition to have been reserved for publication in some other form; or it is certainly possible that he may have found it difficult to add anything to the investigations of Messrs. Bates and Wallace. The voyage up the Madeira, the most important tributary of the Amazon, extended as far as the intended commencement of the hitherto abortive Madeira and Mamoré Railway, famous in connexion with the Bolivian Loan.

The cause of failure is asserted to be not engineering difficulties, but the unhealthiness of the district, which is attributed to the stagnation of the pools immediately under the cataracts. The obstacle might be overcome by the employment of seasoned tropical labourers; but, until the disputes respecting the loan are settled, funds will hardly be found to bring these to the spot. Were the railway completed, the Amazon would at once become a considerable commercial highway, as nearly all the produce of Bolivia would take this route.

The interest of this agreeable volume, however, consists less in facts or speculations of this nature than in the general impression it conveys of the solemn if monotonous grandeur of tropical solitude, thus effectively summed up in the concluding paragraph:—"Cherished pictures of vast reaches of tawny water flowing onward, from horizon to horizon, between lines of forest, under a vertical sun; of mighty tributaries, winding with the sinuosities of a serpent or spreading out lake-like, all pouring their variously tinted contributions into the giant river; of wide distances seen under bright but mellow moonlight; of shadowy and mysterious forest glades; of wooded islands and quiet lakes; of singular and unfamiliar animals, trees, insects, and flowers; of dusky races, and human life under the simplest and most unsophisticated conditions."

A NOBLE QUEEN.

A Noble Queen. A Romance of Indian History. By Meadows Taylor. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

We are told in the preface to this novel—we beg pardon, romance—that "the whole circumstances upon which the tale has been founded are detailed in the history of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta, and can be read and verified in the translation of that work by the late Major-General Briggs." Probably most readers, on receiving this intimation, will be content to take our author's accuracy upon trust rather than search the writings of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta to see if these things be so. Few, at any rate, will be able, with Sir Salar Jung, to whom the book before us is dedicated, to test the accuracy of the statement that "the character of the noble Queen Chand Beebee is still popular in the country, and her memory is reverenced, not only as the preserver of Beejapoor, but for the heroic resistance she made to the Moghul armies in their first invasion of the Dekhan and siege of Ahmednugger." But, after all, the conditions of art are the same, whether the subject to be treated is the career of an Indian queen or the experiences of an English potboy, and a story cannot afford to be unreadable, whether its scene is laid in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century. The former period is that chosen by the distinguished writer of 'A Noble Queen' for his illustration of life in the Dekhan. "Few in England know," says he in this posthumous work, "that the contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth in the Dekhan kingdom was a woman of equal ability, of equal political talent, of equal, though in a different sense (*sic*), education and accomplishments, who ruled over a realm as large, a population as large, and as intelligent, and as rich as England; a woman who, surrounded by jealous enemies, preserved by her own personal valour and endurance her kingdom from destruction and partition; who, through all temptation and exercise of absolute power, was at once simple, generous, frank, and merciful, as she was chaste, virtuous, religious, and charitable—one who, among all the women of India, stands out as a jewel without flaw and beyond price." We have selected this description of the heroine because it is the shortest of the many which are scattered up and down Meadows Taylor's pages, and because the parallel with Queen Elizabeth and its consequent implication as to that sovereign's character will enable Mr. Froude's readers to form some estimate of the knowledge and insight which distinguish our author in those more beaten tracks of history where the average Englishman can follow him. The India of this story is, of course, an India unprofaned by English aggression and unenriched by English enterprise. The only Europeans who appear upon the scene are Portuguese, and they are occupied rather in burning each other on behalf of a common Christianity than in converting Mussulmans or civilising Hindoos. Indeed, the clerical establishment at Goa seems hardly to have been such as to impress any heathen spectators with the superior virtue or concord of a Christian community. Maria, the sister of one priest, is found in an attitude of devotion near the altar of the church by the other priest of Goa, one Dom Diego.

She had finished her prayer, when, as she turned to depart, she saw the figure of Dom Diego standing close beside her, and she shrunk back instinctively and cowered down to the ground. . . .

"I pray thee, let me pass, signor," she said, timidly; for he stood between her and the door.

"Nay, be not hard on me, sweet lady, now that we shall have to spend so much of our time together till thy brother returns from Goa."

"Will he return?" asked the girl, eagerly. "Will he be safe? Answer me, Dom Diego, before the Mother of God, who sees us."

"Nay, if she can see us," he cried, sneeringly, "if she can see, she will know what is in my heart. Safe? Thy brother safe? Yes, if thou wilt, he is." . . .

"Speak," she said; "as a priest of the Holy Church, give me thy assurance, and I will pray for thee day and night."

"Priest!" he exclaimed with scorn. "I am a priest when it suits me to be so, and for the rest a cavalier of the world, like my Jesuit brethren. Love me, Maria," he cried, bending his knee; "love me, as I have loved thee for months in secret, and I can make thy brother pass through the terrors which await him at Goa with safety; but if not, he is a doomed man, and will die at the stake. Ha! ha! for the love of God! Nay, Maria, think me not cruel; 'tis thou who art cruel, my sweet. See, before the Virgin, to whom thou wert crying, I devote myself to thee; I am thine henceforth. If we may not stay here, there is the world before us. India, the Moghul, the Chinese, the sweet Spice Islands, where we may dream away our lives. Europe if thou wilt, where many a priest like me hath his sweet leman, and no one unfrocks him. Come! I say," he argued tenderly; "Come! Thou art young, thou art lovely, thou mightest be a queen. Come! the world is wide enough for us."

Pretty well that for a priest. We recommend the passage to the notice of Exeter Hall. This is not the only incident of the kind in 'A Noble Queen,' whose husband, by the way, died sixteen years after the marriage, when she was twenty-five, so that she must have been wedded to him at the mature age of nine. There is an abduction of a certain Zóra by one Osman Beg, Governor of Juldroog, which is described with much circumstance.

"Ha!" returned the Nawab, in a low hissing voice, "let thee go? No, a thousand times, no! Thou art very beautiful, Zóra," he continued, almost tenderly, "and I accept my destiny. For good or for evil, for honour or dishonour, I accept it as it was sent. Thou shalt be my wife, Zóra, whether thou wilt or no. Need I, Osman Beg, ask permission of a wilful child? Go to! be not a fool, Zóra! Riches and jewels may not tempt thee, but I will have thy love, if it be only to trample it in the dust and fling it away. Dost thou hear? Who defies Osman Beg perishes; yet thou mightest live in honour, and have children about thy knees, and thy grandfather living in peace until he died. Choose, then, what thou wilt. Once thy grandfather rejected me with scorn, now my turn has come."

Zóra had been tottering as she stood; and as she watched the horrible expressions which followed each other over the Nawab's face, she became terrified, and sank fainting to the ground.

However, Zóra escapes, and Osman Beg is removed from his post by order of the virtuous Chand Beebee. Incidents, however, are somewhat to seek in Meadows Taylor's pages, and those which he has given us are somewhat loosely strung together. He begins in a fine old-fashioned style, which we were afraid was almost obsolete, with "a small party of horsemen, evidently weary from long travel," and he proceeds, with dogged determination, through the space of a thousand pages or so, introducing or rather interpolating so much of Indian history and Indian customs as can, by the perfection of the bookmaker's art, be forced into such story as there is without a single gleam of humour or a single study of character to relieve the monotonous gloom of antiquarianism in the guise of fiction. In this arid desert of commonplace even the grotesque is welcome, as when Osman Beg says of Zóra, "When the Moolla has spoken the Nika, she is mine, and cannot escape," reminding one of the Jabberwok and the 'Hunting of the Snark.' In one place our author has candidly disclosed

the principle on which 'A Noble Queen' has been constructed. The casting out of a devil has been described, and then follows this passage:—"Perhaps some of my readers will say, Why was this piece of superstitious observance introduced? To which we reply, that it is only as one instance of the many strange beliefs in supernatural effects which exist among Mussulmans and other classes of the people now, and have done so from the earliest times. Many curious and interesting episodes of lives turn upon them, and the belief in them is universal, with exorcisms of evil, mischievous, and malignant demons and spirits. There are charms supplied against every mischance of man or womanhood, youth or age, haunted houses, and the evil eye." And so forth. Mr. Kinglake once described how an Eastern incantation enabled an Arab boy to see Lord Russell as a stalwart warrior on a stout charger. But 'Eothen' was not a novel, though, if it had been, the digression would have justified itself. The least unsatisfactory portion of 'A Noble Queen' is the glossary, which makes no pretension to being otherwise than dull and disconnected.

MINOR NOTICE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his Works. Being a Brief Biography and Critical Review. By James Ball. (Elliot Stock.)—We learn from an advertisement prefixed to this volume that Mr. Ball is the author of a work on Conveyancing. The best that can be said for this venture in a new line is that it is pervaded by an honest enthusiasm for the subject. The reflections with which Mr. Ball ekes out the few biographical facts he has ascertained are not strikingly original. For example, Mr. Ball argues, from a parenthesis in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," that Dr. Holmes at one time read the works of Mr. Carlyle, a fact which might have been guessed without this testimony, and then goes on to reflect:—"We can only faintly conceive the effect this must have had on him. Studied in the light of their respective works, they are very similar in their modes of thought; and there must have been a grand flashing of high intellect upon high intellect when the American (the *British*-American, as I like to think of him) read the weighty utterances of the English writer." There was another grand flashing of high intellect upon high intellect when Dr. Holmes met Dickens. The great novelist said, "I am very human;" in which remark, Dr. Ball says, "we see the confidence of our favourite English writer in one from whom he knew he would get sympathy." In the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," Dr. Holmes says, in Mr. Ball's words, that "the few royal princes he happened to know were very easy people to get on with, and had not half the 'social knee-action' he had often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at him in his earlier years." "We have in this a good-natured comment upon the despicable fault some indulge in, in affecting grand manners towards those they please to consider their inferiors." Mr. Ball's facts seem all to be taken from Dr. Holmes's books, and his comments are such as we have quoted. Of his criticism, the following specimen will suffice. After quoting an early poem in which Dr. Holmes descants with some eloquence on what constitutes the true title to "the deathless garland and the sacred name" of poet, Mr. Ball adds:—"Comment upon this is needless. The thought is simply sublime. In this example, and in many others which might be given, the poet is brimming over with sacred truth, for which he feels words cannot be found. It reveals to us a nature so deep, so extensive, that language is insufficient to utter all its longings: and in which there is much left to be expressed in that blissful time when the harp shall murmur what words now deny." The meaning of this seems to be that Dr. Holmes feels he is not a poet in this world but hopes he may be in another. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" must be grateful to Mr. Ball for his enthusiastic admiration, but will probably wish that it had not found vent in "a brief biography and critical review."

THE MAGAZINES.

We all know how David was punished for numbering his people, and, with this ominous example in our memories, it is perhaps wise to read Mr. Farrer's article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Strength of England" in a spirit of humility. Still, with all humility, there is a certain encouragement, at a time when the fear of being overshadowed and reduced to insignificance by the vast Continental nations is prompting us to make spasmodic and vixenish efforts to assert our claims to consideration, in reading Mr. Farrer's statistics as to how we stand now relatively to other nations in point of population, wealth, physical health and strength—all the elements that conduce to prosperity and stability—compared with how we stood during the great European war at the beginning of this century. Statistics, as is often said, may be made to prove anything; but Mr. Farrer has at least made out a plausible case for his conclusions, which are as follows:—

1. That England has in past times, and in distant lands, been as great and as successful a conqueror as Russia, or any nation in the world.
2. That in founding free and independent nations, which promise to emulate her own career, she has been still more successful.
3. That sixty years since, at the close of, and probably in consequence of, the great and glorious war with France, misery and discontent prevailed in England to an extent which we now scarcely conceive possible. Our history of those years is a record of pauperism, distress, violence, crimes, and sanguinary punishments.
4. That for the last fifty years, so far as the British Islands are concerned, the attention of the nation has happily been diverted from war and conquest to the improvement of its own institutions, and the advance of freedom, individual well-being, intelligence, and happiness among its people.
5. That this policy has been eminently successful, and that the England of the present day, whatever its defects, is incomparably stronger, happier, and better than the England of the Regency.
6. That not only are the inhabitants of this country far better fed, better taught, better governed, and more united than they were, but that the nation is, for purposes of offence and defence, far stronger, not only positively, but proportionately to other nations, than it was at the time when it carried on the struggle against the gigantic tyranny of Napoleon.

To avert evil omens, Mr. Farrer adds that he has made his computations in no spirit of bragging, and that nothing would interfere with the progress he has described so much as war. If this means that, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, we should purchase peace at any price, we must take leave to differ from him. If we are to keep our huge conquests—and Mr. Farrer shows that, within the last thirty years, we have added twice as much to our territories and more than twelve times as much to the number of our subject populations as Russia, for all our peevish outcry about her aggressive policy—we must be prepared to defend them by force if necessary. A sounder lesson from these statistics would be that we must be more cautious in entering upon war than we were in days gone by. John Bull is no longer a light-hearted buccaneering bachelor, but a married man with a family and a large stake in the world, and must comport himself accordingly.

"The Situation" is very extensively discussed in the *Nineteenth Century*, there being two articles under that title, one by M. John Lemoinne, the other by Mr. Grant Duff, and a third on the same subject by Mr. Gladstone, entitled, "The Paths of Honour and of Shame." When we read articles on "The Situation," we expect something more than a description of the existing state of things, or comments upon what has led to the existing state of things—we expect to find an opinion as to what ought to be done in the circumstances. Two of the articles, M. Lemoinne's and Mr. Gladstone's, are rather disappointing as regards this latter expectation. M. Lemoinne's article is almost wholly retrospective and splenetic; he thinks that the English Government has made a grave mistake in trusting that either Germany or Austria would offer any opposition to the designs of Russia, but he omits to specify in what the mistake consists, and he is equally reticent as regards the designs of Russia. The conclusion at which he seems to point is that England ought to unite with France to counteract the designs of Germany against Holland and Belgium.

With regard to the action which England ought to take, Mr. Gladstone is hardly more definite than M. Lemoinne. Almost the only contribution in his eloquent article towards this important consideration is the expression of a hope that, in the future settlement of the affairs of the Balkan peninsula, "together with the ethnical facts, regard may now again be had, where it is practicable, to the desires of the population." "When these shall have been examined," he says, "neither antipathies, nor intrigues, nor even the memories of the past, nor the aspirations of the future, should be allowed to weigh." If the population of Turkey had been homogeneous, this principle of action would have been more readily intelligible; as it is, we could have wished that Mr. Gladstone had taken more account of the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting aspirations of Servians, Montenegrins, Albanians, Bulgarians, and Turks, and had definitely discussed how, for example, he would meet the unequivocally manifest desire of the Bulgarian population to take their revenge upon such Turks as may be left within their borders. Mr. Grant Duff deserves at least the credit of putting forward a definite plan for the future government of Turkey, taking for granted that a continuance of Ottoman rule is now out of the question. It was in the autumn of 1876 that Mr. Grant Duff first broached the idea that, if Russia was to be kept out of Constantinople, the only way to attain that result was to place a strong Government at Constantinople, and that the most effective way of getting a strong Government at Constantinople was to establish a European Prince there, who should be under the guarantee of the European Powers, as the Sultan practically was, and who would be more likely than the Turks have shown themselves to fulfil pledges of good administration. He reverts to this idea in his present article:—

> The accident of the daughter of the Czar having married a Prince of the blood royal of England who will eventually be a German sovereign, and who was also the person whom the Greeks wished to have as their king, seemed to mark out the Duke of Edinburgh as the man most fitted to reconcile the aspirations and jealousies of Christian nations, while his rule would at the same time have been a guarantee for the enjoyment of absolute toleration and equality in all civil and political rights to the Mohammedan and Jewish populations.
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> Amongst our Anglo-Indian administrators such a ruler would have found ready to his hand the instruments necessary for bringing order out of chaos and putting an end to the injustice which is inflicted on their poorer neighbours by Christian and Mussulman alike, provided always they can pay for the license to be unjust. A very limited number of these administrators would have been required, and in a few years they would have done their work and handed it over to native successors. By this arrangement it would have been possible and prudent to add to Greece a considerable slice of territory, because a strong administration on her northern frontier would have enabled her to keep in check that brigandage which is her greatest curse, and which has always broken out afresh when there did not chance to be a strong-handed pasha across her northern frontier, while it would at the same time have given to Austria that security which she can never obtain as long as she has for neighbour a decomposing Turkey or a *congeries* of autonomous States, the natural refuge of the enterprising rascaldom of Europe. To have had in such a position a State thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of free trade, absolutely neutral between sects, commanding any required amount of skilled English and German assistance, offering a field at once to Greek and Slavonic ability, with no ambitions to gratify, would have reassured Austria, while the coronation in Czargrad of the most illustrious daughter of their race and church would have gone far to satisfy that semi-religious feeling which draws the Russian masses towards the city whence came their much-loved faith.
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> It is no argument against the proposal that it seems almost too complete—that it has the look of a Chinese puzzle. Nor again is it any argument to say that we have seen an attempt to create an empire in Mexico fail. It would be as much to the purpose to say that we have seen the attempt to create a kingdom in Belgium succeed. It is a stronger argument to say that the preliminary changes could not have been effected without force. But, in order to effect those changes and create the new State, we required, *ex hypothesi*, the active co-operation of Russia, England, Austria, and Greece, together with the goodwill of all other Christian Powers. The resistance which could have been made to so overwhelming a combination would have cost but little blood either to the vanquished or the victor.

Mr. Grant Duff is not so enamoured of this scheme as to insist that it ought to have been part of the Government policy. He admits that "no one who was not behind the scenes of the more important European chanceries can know whether the scheme or dream was or was not feasible." He is willing to allow that "very likely personal antipathies, dynastic jealousies, questions of *amour propre*, and other influences, which are not of a purely political kind, may have made it quite hopeless." But apart from the feasibility of this particular scheme, there is much force in the question which Mr. Grant Duff puts:—

> If this particular proposal was judged impracticable, could nothing have been done to bring us to something like finality? Was there no German prince on whom we could have agreed? Had the world no available administrators, who, though not equal to Anglo-Indians, would yet have been far better than anything we can find in the Balkan peninsula—administrators who would have been at least honest and impartial? Or if the wit of man could have devised nothing better than to leave the inland provinces bereft of all administration—for Mr. Gladstone's plan contemplated the disappearance of every Turkish official, from the highest governor down to the lowest policeman—would it not have been prudent to devise some scheme which would at least provide for the settlement of the question of Constantinople? As long as that is open nothing is really closed; you have no keystone to your arch. You are simply writing up, not on the evening gate of Kherson only, but on the gates of half-a-dozen other cities in as many countries, the famous words: "Yonder is the way to Byzance."

Professor Newman's suggestions on the subject of Spelling Reform, in the *Contemporary*, are conceived in a moderate and judicious spirit. Mr. Newman is not a phonetic fanatic; he does not propose to solve the problem of harmonising our written with our spoken language by passing a law that henceforth every person who has occasion to write the English language shall spell as he speaks. Apart from the suffering that would be thrown by such an operation, if it were possible, upon those who have been trained in the old orthography, Mr. Newman justly remarks that this would be to take that which is ever shifting as our standard. Orthography is much more constant than pronunciation. If we should reprint every book in our literature in phonetic language, the process would probably have to be repeated in the course of two or three hundred years. Much better, if orthography and speech are to be brought into unison, make the change from the other side, and compel every word to be pronounced as it is written and printed. Without going the length of proposing a sweeping reconstruction *either* on the one side or on the other, Mr. Newman thinks that there might with advantage be some changes on both sides. Why should not proper names such as Dulwich, Berwick, Beauchamp, Cholmondeley, be pronounced as they are written? Lord Beaconsfield, apparently, is of this opinion, wishing his new name to be pronounced as it is spelt, and not in accordance with the local custom, as if it were spelt "Beckonsfield." But Mr. Newman contends also that there are many cases in which eccentric spellings might with advantage be reformed. We may quote some of his illustrations:—

> 1. *Schedule* is the only word in use in which *Sch* has the German sound. (How the obsolete Seneschal was pronounced, I do not know.) I think we ought to write Shedule, in conformity with Sheet from *scida*; also Scism (as Scissors), not Schism. Then every remaining *Sch* means *Sk*. 2. Clerk, Serjeant, and Heart, Hearth, have *er* or *ear* for *ar*. Clerk has a new sense, diverse from Cleric. Might we not extinguish these exceptions? 3. *Yacht*, alone in the language, has *ch* mute. Who will regret the loss of the *ch*? We shall only need then some fit mark on the *a* to denote the right sound. 4. By collating Conceive, Conceit; Deceive, Deceit, we see that Receive ought to form Receit. The *p* in Receipt is surely a mere vexation. 5. The word Guild until recently (in London at least) used to rhyme to Mild, Child, Wild. I never heard in my early days Guild, Guildhall, sounded with short *i*. Now, it seems, Guild is gratuitously confounded with Gild. On Aristotle's principle, that perspicuity is the first excellence of language, we may claim to go back to the long *i* in this word, though we cannot help confounding Guilt with Gilt in our utterance. 6. That *ia* has no proper place in *Parliament*, has been pointed out by Mr. E. Jones of Liverpool, and, no doubt, by others. *Parlement* is the old and only right spelling; and the sooner it is resumed the better. 7. *Busy*, *Business*, with *u* sounded as *i*, is a peculiar anomaly, and without historical justification. *Busy* is in Dutch Besig, in Anglo-Saxon Bisig. Surely we ought, without hesitation, to write *Bisy*, Bisiness, if not rather Bizy, Biziness. . . . 10. The eccentric word *Women* ought certainly to be written Wimen. 11. Nephew should be Nevew, *French* Neveu. Dabitur licentia sumta pudenter.

The last two proposed changes are rather startling, but most of them look reasonable enough; and we believe

that, if the matter were thoroughly gone into, it would be found that the difficulties arising from want of uniformity, of which School Board authorities complain, might be very considerably reduced without any appreciable disfigurement of the printed page.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, the author of the 'New Republic,' has an article in the *Contemporary* on "The Future of Faith," and threatens to follow it up with another. If Mr. Mallock hearkens to good advice, he will not abandon the *rôle* of Plato for that of Mother Shipton.

Macmillan's Magazine is full of interesting articles. Mr. E. J. Payne contributes a masterly estimate of Lord Shelburne, a subject which he has thoroughly qualified himself to discuss by his previous studies of the period. Major Butler gives a hearty tribute of praise to the special war correspondent, whose duties demand, as he says, "many gifts of brain and body which are but seldom found associated in the same being." "A distinguished military writer has classed newspaper writers among 'that race of drones who eat the rations of fighting men and do not work at all.' This is scarcely fair; the ration-eating part may be true; but the work done by a special correspondent would tax the energies of the most active and robust soldier of any army in the world. The man of the pen has to win his 'bubble reputation' literally 'at the cannon's mouth.' The day has long passed when a spectator can see anything of a battle without sharing to a great extent in the danger of the spectacle. A modern Eliza would have but a poor chance of beholding a Minden of to-day on any wood-crowned height secure from some far-reaching rifle-bullet; but the man who would attempt the task of describing the physical aspect of bodies of men under the ordeal of modern infantry fire must himself be near enough to the danger to catch those minute but most essential points which mark the gulf between reality and imagination." The thesis of Dean Stanley's article on the English Law of Burial is one which he has advocated before, namely, that "the lawof burial as it now stands in England, satisfies all the demands of Nonconformists, and renders futile all the objections which Churchmen have raised to these demands." His argument is that the first rubric to the Burial Service does not exclude the *interment* of any class of persons who die in the parish. "All that it does is to prevent the *clergyman* from reading in its entirety over the graves" of certain persons "the Burial Office; and by the second rubric it is ordered that the Burial Office in the Prayer-book shall be used by the *clergyman*. But there is not a word said to prohibit the use either of parts of the Burial Service over those excepted cases or of any form of service, by the friends of the deceased. The law is a restraint upon the clergyman. It is no restraint on anyone except the clergyman. And what the law allows has frequently taken place."

"The Decay of Fine Manners" is the subject of the most gracefully written article in the *Cornhill*. The writer is not unduly analytical, but he is probably right in connecting the deterioration of what he defines as "fine manners" with the gradual crumbling away of gradations of station. "It will not be disputed," he says, "that it is considerably easier for people to comport themselves properly and justly towards their superiors, towards their inferiors, and towards their equals, when they know who their superiors, who their inferiors, and who their equals are, than when they do not, but are left to ascertain the point as best they may, or to settle it by an effort of their own." The paper in the *Cornhill* on Literary Coincidences deals with this familiar theme in a genial way, pointing out coincidences without using offensive language towards those who happen to have used an expression which has been used before.

In *Temple Bar* Mr. W. H. Pollock tells a very pretty story of what happened from a photographer's blunder in putting a proof of a portrait into a wrong envelope. Chaucer's address to his empty purse necessarily loses no small part of its charm in Mr. R. H. Horne's modernisation, though the changes are as slight as could be if the metre is to be kept without the old inflections.

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE "NE'ER-DO-WEEL."

If terse, carefully-written, and occasionally brilliant dialogue could make a successful play, Mr. Gilbert's *Ne'er-do-weel* should have been received with more favour. But Mr. Gilbert's invention, which has so often stood him in good stead in peopling ideal worlds where the ordinary sequence of human actions is not followed, has failed to supply him with consistent characters or probable motives when he wished to hold the mirror up to real life. He tries hard by description to give an air of probability to the story represented, but the descriptions which he makes his characters give of one another are too markedly at variance with what he makes them do before the eyes of the audience to be accepted as sufficient explanations of the course of events. The cardinal incidents in the story are few and simple. A waif and stray, Jeffery Rollestone, who is called a "ne'er-do-weel," but might with equal propriety from what the audience sees of him be called a "ne'er-do-ill," is recognised by an old school companion, Gerard Seton, and offered the post of private secretary to his father, Mr. Seton, of Drumferry. It so happens that Gerard Seton, whose father is in very distressed not to say desperate circumstances, is trying to get the hand and fortune of a wealthy cousin, Maud Callender, and with this view has been disembarrassing himself of a girl of humble station to whom he had previously made love. But it also happens that the rich heiress, Maud Callender, and the Ne'er-do-weel, Jeffery Rollestone, have met before, and that there have been love-passages between them; in fact, that the impossibility of obtaining Maud Callender as his wife, owing to the opposition of her parents or guardians, has been the cause of Jeffery's profligate recklessness and degradation. Of course they meet again. Jeffery is employed by Mr. Seton as an ambassador to plead Gerard's suit. Maud very properly reproaches him for undertaking such a mission, and, finding that he still loves her, though he has not the courage in his degraded position to declare his passion, tells him plainly that she will not marry Gerard Seton, but, being now her own mistress, will marry nobody but himself. Jeffery would have been more than human if he had rejected such an offer. He accepts. Mr. Seton discovers this, and orders him out of the house, accusing him bitterly of ingratitude. Jeffery is going with a heavy heart, having first carefully extinguished the lights, when Quilt enters for the purpose of stealing certain compromising letters which Gerard Seton's poor sweetheart, Jessie O'Hara, had written to that young gentleman. Jeffery partly frustrates Quilt's object, but one of the letters is brought under the notice of Miss Callender, who declares that if it was written to Gerard Seton she will never speak to him again. Jeffery thereupon declares that the letter was written to him, and that he is the gay deceiver of Jessie O'Hara. This misunderstanding is presently cleared up; Jeffery Rollestone marries Miss Callender; Gerard Seton marries Jessie O'Hara; a distant relative dies, leaving his fortune to the Seton family; and everybody is happy.

The story is hardly intricate enough to furnish material for three acts, and Mr. Gilbert has been obliged to eke out the last act with the trial of Quilt by his friend, Captain O'Hara, a scene which is extremely clever and amusing in itself, and is played by Mr. Anson, who represents O'Hara, with most humorous force, but which has not the least bearing on the plot. Apart, however, from the poverty of the material, there are several glaring improbabilities which are fatal to the success of the piece. Mr. Gilbert shows that he is conscious of them, and does his best to gloss them over, but he cannot persuade his audience against the evidence of their senses. He tells us, through the mouth of one of the characters, that Gerard Seton is a thoroughly good-hearted fine fellow, a little rash and impulsive, but the soul of honour. This might account for Jeffery Rollestone's devotion to him and sacrifice of his own in-

terests for his sake. But, unfortunately, the dramatist lets the audience see and hear various circumstances not quite consistent with this conception of Gerard Seton—his heartless behaviour to Jessie O'Hara, his deliberate fortune-hunting, and his coarse abuse of Jeffery for ingratitude in daring to cross his path. Again, it might have seemed possible, supposing Gerard Seton to have been all that the dramatist says, and supposing him to have rendered a greater service to Jeffery Rollestone than appears in the play, that the latter would have taken upon himself the blame of having received Jessie O'Hara's letter, if he had believed it to be an old and harmless love affair. The dramatist makes him say that he believed this, but unfortunately we cannot believe him, because we have seen that he had ocular evidence to the contrary in the person of Captain O'Hara threatening to break every bone in the body of the scoundrel to whom the letter was addressed. The piece altogether is a tissue of inconsistencies and improbabilities, and unfortunately they are not of a kind which have to be sought after with critical acumen, but force themselves upon the least observant of the audience. There is some excellent acting in the play. Miss Marion Terry, in the scene with Maud's old lover, declaimed her passionate speeches with an intensity which has not hitherto seemed within her range. Mr. Neville is well suited to the part of Jeffery Rollestone. Mr. Anson gives a distinct character to the retired merchant sailor O'Hara, and brings out every scrap of humour in the part. But the faults of the piece are not of a kind that the best acting can redeem.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

The new play at the Folly Theatre has this advantage over much so-called *opéra bouffe*, that its merit does not depend solely upon pleasing songs and pretty dresses. It has these essential elements of this kind of performance, but they are damascened upon a ground of really good story, that affords opportunities for the display of really good acting. MM. Clairville and Gabet's play is as pretty as one of Perrault's fairy tales, and, if the plot is a little too complicated for comic opera, there is no doubt about the conclusion, which is as happy as a *conte de ma mère l'oie* should be. Whatever charm the play loses by its conversion into English—and it does lose a good deal—is fully compensated for by the acting, which may fairly claim to equal, at least, that presented at the Folies Dramatique. Those, however, who wish to hear the Bells of Corneville ringing their very best would do well to wait until Mr. Shiel Barry has recovered from the cold which did so much to spoil the effect of his acting on the first night. His Gaspard is certainly the best part he has ever created, one of its chief merits being that, though belonging to the realistic "physical exertion" school, of which Mr. Henry Irving's Matthias is the type, it is not an imitation. Mr. Hill, in the too small part of the Bailie, is as delightfully funny as ever. Miss Violet Cameron, as Germaine, thoroughly justifies Henri de Corneville's criticism in the play, "a pretty girl and sings well;" and Miss Munroe is perfectly at home as Serpolette, the noisy, joyous peasant girl, who nearly becomes a *vicomtesse* by mistake.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The Phonograph is now in England; all doubts as to the reality of the invention are at an end. The instrument has spoken in our hearing. Mr. W. H. Preece, of the postal telegraph service, has shown the machine both at the Royal Institution and at the Society of Telegraph Engineers, on which last occasion there were three instruments used—one, the second ever made by Mr. Eddison, the inventor, another manufactured by an amateur, and a third constructed for Mr. Preece by Mr. Stroh, the mechanician, with a clockwork movement controlled by a very elegant governor. The articulation of the instrument is by no means clear, but still the words are recognisable. The vowel sounds are well reproduced, but the consonants are not very distinct. It struck us at the time that much depends on the adjustment of the diaphragm, by means of which the machine speaks. Several of the sentences were repeated two or three times, and the distinctness varied enormously. As the only thing disturbed in the instrument was the diaphragm, which was drawn back in its mounting to enable the cylinder to be turned the reverse way, any difference of performance must depend on the way in which this diaphragm was replaced in its active position. A great deal of the indistinctness of the articulation of the phonograph at public exhibitions is no doubt due to the fact that a speaking-trumpet has to be used in order to make the voice of the instrument heard by a large audience, and also that this speaking-trumpet is often only a roughly rolled-up cone of paper. Of course as yet the instrument is a mere toy to the outside world, and to men of science is only a means of demonstrating certain well-known acoustic facts. As yet it has been found impossible to remove the indented tinfoil from the instrument, and adapt it to another, and until this can be done, the invention will be of no practical value. We believe experiments are being made with another form of apparatus in which the tinfoil, instead of being wrapped round a cylinder, is laid flat on a plate of metal, and so moved that the point of the vibrating diaphragm makes a spiral trace upon it. With this instrument we believe the inventor has succeeded in causing the trace made by one machine to make another one speak.

Richard Wagner, in a manifesto recently issued, promises to have his *Parsifal* ready for representation at the Bayreuth Theatre in the summer of 1880. This representation, Wagner writes, will then be given under the same conditions as the first—the *Ring of the Niblungs*—only this time solely "amongst ourselves," which means exclusively among the members of the Wagner Union.

The *collaborateurs* in the dramatisation of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,' to be produced shortly, have been greatly perplexed by the problem how to present the chief events of that lengthy work in the ordinary compass of a drama. The easiest way to solve the difficulty would be by making two plays of the story, to be acted on consecutive nights, but the question is how the Parisian public would like this dramatic novelty. The idea is, however, by no means a bad one. There is no very strong reason why, in certain cases, a play should not extend beyond one night's representation. Wagner's famous performance of the *Ring of the Niblungs*, at Bayreuth, which took four days, cannot well be adduced as a proof on either side; but Goethe's *Faust*, both first and second part, was acted recently in Germany, each part taking two nights to perform, and the result was very successful. Similar attempts might be worth making in other places.

Herr Moritz, who makes his first appearance to-day, read the part of Shylock in some scenes from the *Merchant of Venice*, before a select audience, in a private house, on Wednesday. Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) read Portia, and Mr. Henry Irving was the Bassanio.

Rumour has it that another year or so will see a change come over the management of the two most prominent of our London theatres. In the one case, the manager, finding the cares of office too heavy, will continue on the stage as he began, under the leadership of others. In the other case, one manager and manageress will retire, and leave their places to successors already in the company of the theatre.

Mr. Lowe once said that everything is worth knowing except heraldry. The House of Commons apparently agrees in this indifference to heraldic knowledge, for it very promptly silenced Mr. Goldney on the subject on Tuesday. "The boast of heraldry," which Gray said leads but to the grave, appears in the House to lead to the most ignoble grave of a motion—a count.

Lieutenant Armit, who led the conquering forces on Sunday last at Hyde Park, was the organiser of the scheme for an amateur occupation of New Guinea, in the good old filibuster

fashion, which created some sensation a short time since. The scheme came to nothing, and Lieutenant Armit was left to do patriotic work of a different kind at home. He formerly served in the Navy, and has a grievance against the Admiralty.

The plays of the poet and academician, Joseph Autran, who died last year, have just been collected and published by Lévy. They consist—besides the famous *Fille d'Eschyle*, which had so brilliant a success at the Odéon—of one romantic drama, two comedies, and an agreeable version of the "Cyclops" of Euripides.

Some of the people of New York have been trying to fasten a charge of piracy on M. Dumas with regard to *Les Danicheff*. The share which he had in the play is tolerably well known, and there has never been any mystery about it. Whatever literary sins M. Dumas has committed—and in our opinion they are many—he has never been accused of stealing other people's brains.

Is it not a little too bad of an illustrated paper to disseminate ignorance by publishing a picture of *otariæ* disporting themselves and calling them seals? Since the publication of Mr. J. W. Clark's admirable monograph on the subject of these beasts in the *Contemporary Review* there has been no excuse for such a blunder. But illustrated papers which deal in battle, murder, and sudden death cannot be expected to pay much heed to existing forms of life.

It is suggested, and the suggestion seems plausible enough, that the strange word "carumpumpulate," quoted by us from an American paper, is simply a corrupt verb formed from *coram populo*.

Everyone who remembers the Polish Rebellion of 1863 will recollect the enthusiastic woman who accompanied Langiewicz, the Polish leader, as his aide-de-camp, dressed in military uniform, and was by his side in his retreat from his latest field. It seems that Mlle. Pustowoitow has fallen considerably in the world since that time, and has been an inmate of various prisons in Upper Silesia. "Truly," says a German paper, "a melancholy ending to a career that began with so much romance about it."

An amusing event occurred recently at a public meeting in a suburban part of London, called to deal with the difficulties of the Eastern Question. A lady addressed the meeting, and at the close of a somewhat lengthy speech her voice fell to that solemn whisper generally assumed by amateur orators when they are about to introduce a scriptural quotation. "In the Book," observed the lady, "which we all know so well, and which is so dear to all of us, it is said:—'They made a desert, and called it peace.'" The lady evidently thought she was quoting Scripture, and would have been not a little surprised to find that she had been assuming so complete an acquaintance, on the part of the audience, with the writings of Tacitus.

On February 10 died, at Smyrna, M. Simon Roux, the editor and proprietor of *L'Impartial*, the principal paper of Asiatic Turkey. He was the author of some interesting historical studies, but his chief claim to remembrance was the fact of his being almost the only literary journalist in the Turkish dominions. He was born in 1836.

The German composer and pianist, Franz Hünten, died at Coblenz, on February 22, at the age of eighty-five.

Berne is to behold an international *fête* of Communists on March 18 next. People ask whether the meeting is to be held in the famous bear-pit?

A new play, by Dr. Westland Marston, will shortly be produced in one of the London theatres.

'Grands et Petits,' by Mlle. Laroque, a very successful French story of the adventures of a family of children somewhat after the manner of 'Those Unlucky Twins,' has been translated into English by Miss Harriet Poole, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. It contains over sixty illustrations by Bertall, an artist who at present enjoys very great fame in France as an illustrator of books.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran will publish early in the spring a story for girls, by Mrs. Herbert Martin, the author of 'Cast Adrift.' Mrs. Martin's new book is entitled 'Bonnie Lesley.' Although the name of Burns's song is chosen for the title of the book, it has no reference to the lady in whose praise that song was written.

We understand that a new edition of 'Little Lisette, the Orphan of Alsace,' a story for children, by M. E. B., which was published immediately after the close of the Franco-Prussian War, and has since had an extensive sale, is in the press, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. The same publishers are also preparing for early issue a new edition of another popular book by the same author, 'Clement's Trial and Victory.'

Captain Gambier, author of 'The Life of Midhat Pasha' in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is about to publish immediately, through Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co., a small book on Servian history.

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